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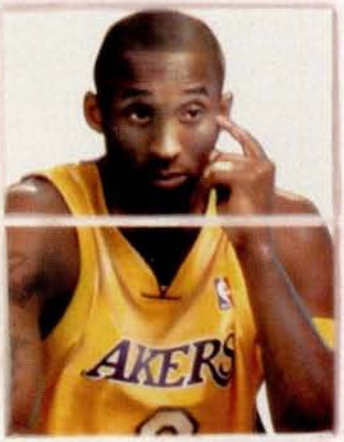

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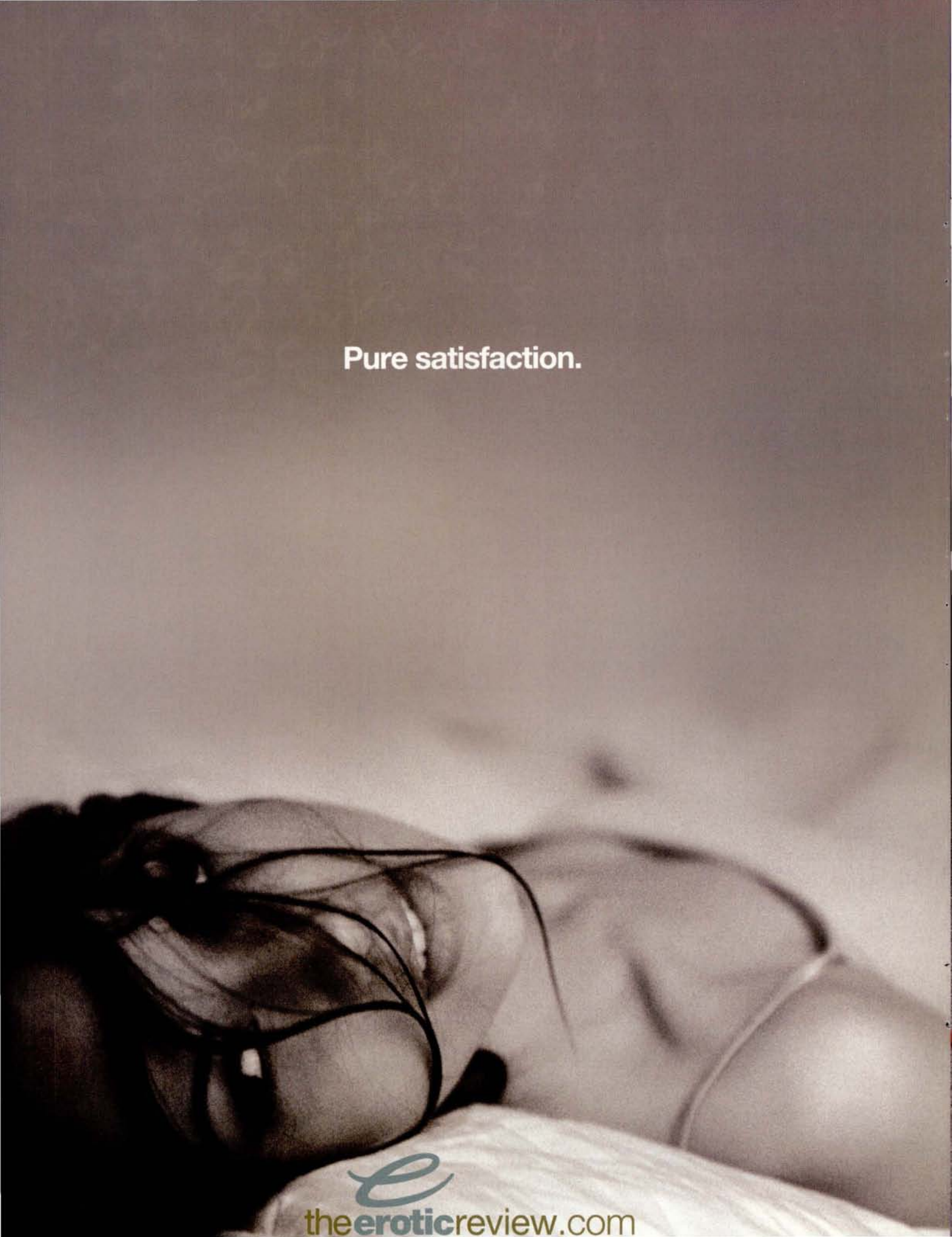
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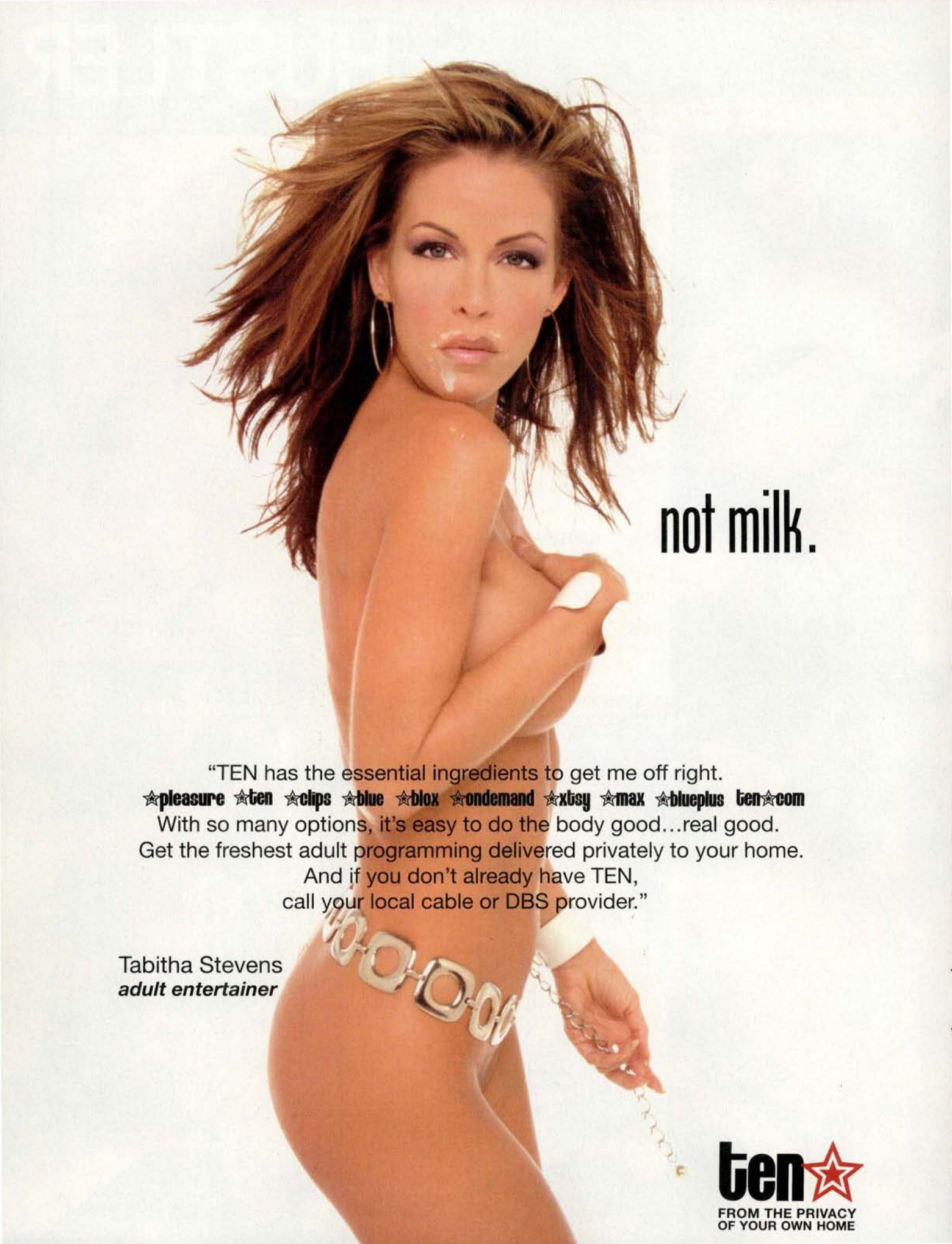
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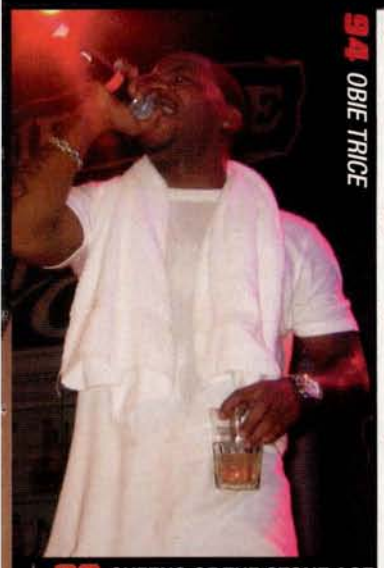

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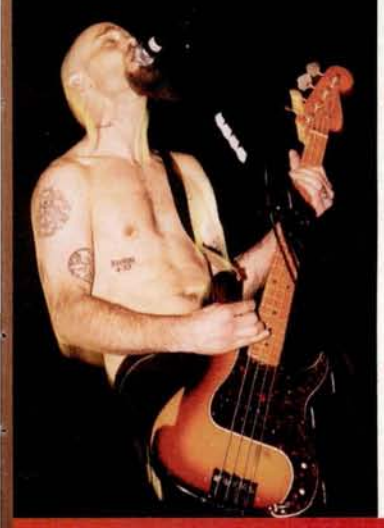

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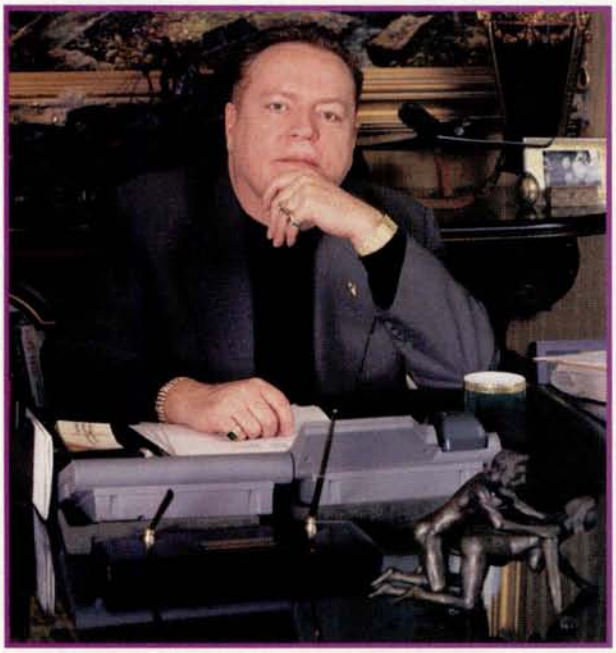


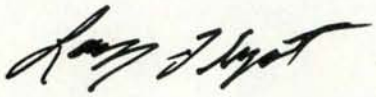
REGARDING RUSH LIMBAUGH

As unlikely as it may seem, it turns out that Rush Limbaugh and I have a couple of things in common: For one, we both have been addicted to painkillers. In my case, it was the result of a shooting that left me paralyzed; in Rush's, it was due to severe back pain following spinal surgery. And we both have platforms where we are free to state our opinions. But that's where the similarity ends.

Whatever else people may say about me, I am not a hypocrite. I mean what I say. The same cannot be said for Rush, whose words have enormous impact on the 20 million "dittoheads" they reach five days a week. Among Limbaugh's many ill-chosen remarks, the following ring the hollowest, given recent events: "Drug use, some might say, is destroying this country. And we have laws against selling drugs, pushing drugs, using drugs, importing drugs. And the laws are good, because we know what happens to people in society and neighborhoods which become consumed by them. And so if people are violating the law by doing drugs, they ought to be accused, and they ought to be convicted, and they ought to be sent up." Ironically, during this particular diatribe, he went on to single out white-collar drug users, adding that we should "send them up the river too."

It's funny, but I do not see Rush Limbaugh demanding to be thrown in prison. In fact, he has hired a lawyer to keep his fat ass *out* of jail. Fair enough—I personally believe that drug addiction is a very complicated issue and, among other things, that it should be treated as an illness rather than a crime, even for Rush. I can allow as how, given his situation, Rush has come to realize that he was wrong on this particular issue. What bothers me is that he hasn't come out and admitted that he was wrong. He also hasn't apologized to the people who are in jail for minor drug offenses, at least in part because of the cultural climate created by Limbaugh's rabble-rousing rhetoric. In short, he is still refusing to accept responsibility for his actions.

And by the way, Rush, since you were indisputably wrong on that issue, don't you think now would be a good time to reconsider all the other radical positions you have taken over the years? Or do you really believe this is the only mistake you have ever made?



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(White) Trash Talk

Although I love your cartoons, editorials and beautiful women, I can't help but notice how, every issue, your Asshole of the Month is invariably a conservative and/or Republican. It is your right to publish whatever you want, but consider the following greasy shit stains for this prestigious honor: Hillary "Rotten" Clinton, Al Sharpton, Jesse Jackson, Geraldo Rivera, Phil Donahue and Gloria Steinem. It may come as a surprise to you, but a lot of your readers tend to be right-wing. Additionally, when it comes to racial jokes and cartoons, you have become a politically correct hypocrisy. I never see the words *chink*, *beaner* or *nigger*, but you go out of your way to make fun of the one group of people in this country that everyone in Hollywood attacks: poor white trash. I would love to see just one movie come out of Tinseltown where white-trash folk make fun of all the flaky, out-of-touch liberals.

—J. W.
San Diego, California

Steinem received her crown of turds in the May 1997 HUSTLER; Clinton, Jackson, Rivera and Sharpton have likewise taken hits in the pages of this magazine numerous times. Congratulations, though; you're probably the first person in history to complain that there are too few racially insensitive jokes in HUSTLER!

Making the Grade

I've read every adult magazine made for men, and I think there should be more cumshots, with girls begging for more. When the layouts are girl-on-girl, I like to see the chicks eating pussy rather than playing with themselves. I would also like to see a girl swallowing as she's getting a full load in the face. I rate magazines, and I have to give HUSTLER an A minus.

—T. W.
Bangs, Texas

Hannity Check

First, let me say that you guys publish a great magazine. I'm still waiting to see an article about Sean Hannity. Hannity is a self-righteous, pompous, arrogant, ignorant mama's boy. He pretends to be as pure as the wind-driven snow, but he is a fraud. He is a close-minded, cliché-ridden, boot-licking Bush groupie. Please, let's see an article about this class-A asshole.

—J. W.
Jacksonville, Florida

Sean the Pawn was duly dishonored as our Holiday 2002 Asshole of the Month.

T. S., I Love You

Just a quick note to say, "Keep up the good work." I've been enjoying HUSTLER for about 20 years and think that it is by far one of the best magazines on the market today. As a loyal customer, I have a special request. I was wondering, considering how HUSTLER likes to break sexual barriers, if you guys would do a she-male layout in a future issue. There are so many beautiful she-males out there, it would be tough to pick just one. God bless Larry!

—B. G.
Kingston, New York

The April 1999 pictorial *Gia: Portrait of a Lonely Lady* featured a model with that something extra you seek. Call (323) 651-2348 to order a back issue.

Dreaming of Jenna

Jenna Jameson is one of my favorite women on the planet. I absolutely loved seeing the January 2004 installment of *Jenna Tales*. She is unbelievably beautiful. I'd enjoy sleazing up New York with Jenna any day.

—J. P.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

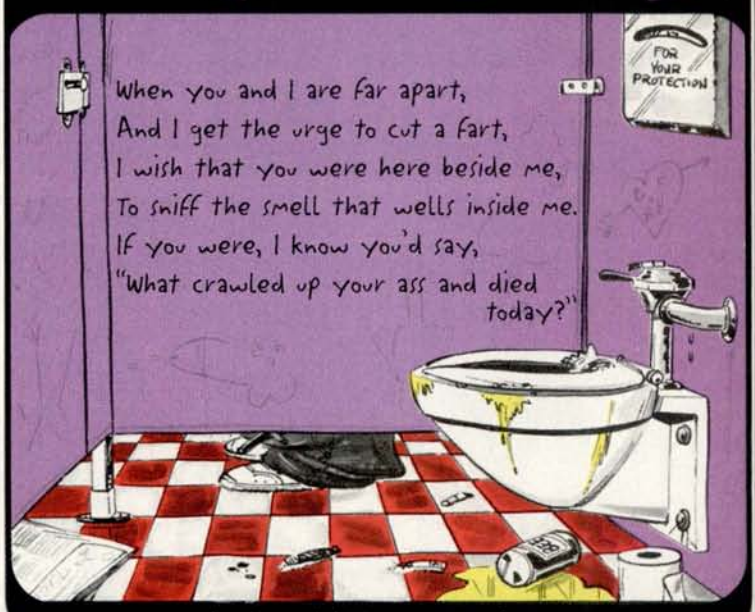
DESTINY

Date With Destiny

I just picked up the January HUSTLER. Destiny is one hot tamale (*Destiny St. Claire: Start My Engine*). It was a cool layout because it contained three of my favorite things—motorcycles, pussy and pit bulls. It was awesome to see Destiny's pinkie shoved up her pooper. Her pussy looks flawless. If I could just get her alone in a room, I'd eat her pussy for hours. She's so fucking hot I can barely contain myself!

—B. P.
Traverse City, Michigan

GRAFFILTHY


When you and I are far apart,
And I get the urge to cut a fart,
I wish that you were here beside me,
To sniff the smell that wells inside me.
If you were, I know you'd say,
"What crawled up your ass and died today?"
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Thanks and $50 go to **Mark A.**

Loafing Around

In response to the letter from the guy in the February 2004 *Dear Slut* ("Ass-gasms") who wanted to know about jacking off and shitting, I've done it for years. The method is to hold on during the day when you first sense a dump coming on. You have to really let the load build up. Remember, pissing without shitting is important. Jack off when you are right on the brink, then get on the toilet and start the shit while you are almost ready to come. The trick is to not pinch, but to let the dookie flow freely while coming at the same time. It will produce an intense gusher of an orgasm because the shit is essentially massaging the prostate and sphincter. By the way, you've got a wonderful publication. My wife and I look forward to every issue.

—M. B.
Roswell, New Mexico

Sick of Glick

Bill O'Reilly didn't "squelch" Jeremy Glick's opinion ("Larry Bashing," January *Feedback*). When ideologues come onto Bill's program and lie, demonize and demagogue, he stops them in order to force them to confront what they've said. That's why he's so popular. In regard to Ludacris, Bill isn't trying to censor or boycott Ludacris, he merely questions whether society should glamorize or glorify these people. I'm sure Matt Drudge admires the way you demonize Bill's intentions. Drudge hates O'Reilly as well, because Bill and Tim Russert are the only true independents in the media who can see through liberal and conservative lies.

—D. L.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

We don't care about what Matt Drudge thinks; he's a bigger asshole than O'Reilly and Russert put together.

Where's the Porn?

I just picked up the January HUSTLER to check out the Barbi Twins. What a complete ripoff! Your rag has become nothing but a conspiracy theorist publication. I'm off the magazines and back on the Web.

—J. R.
Laredo, Texas

You're turning to the Internet to get *away* from conspiracy theories? Wow....

Hot For Teacher?

Regarding "Butt Plug of the Month" suggestions, this is a no-brainer: My cock! If you can, please tell Michelle from the December 2003 HUSTLER (*Michelle: Caught On Tape*) that if she's ever in Durango, Colorado, and wants a real high-school teacher, I'm single and willing. I also have a degree. She can come to my welding class.

—P. L.
Durango, Colorado

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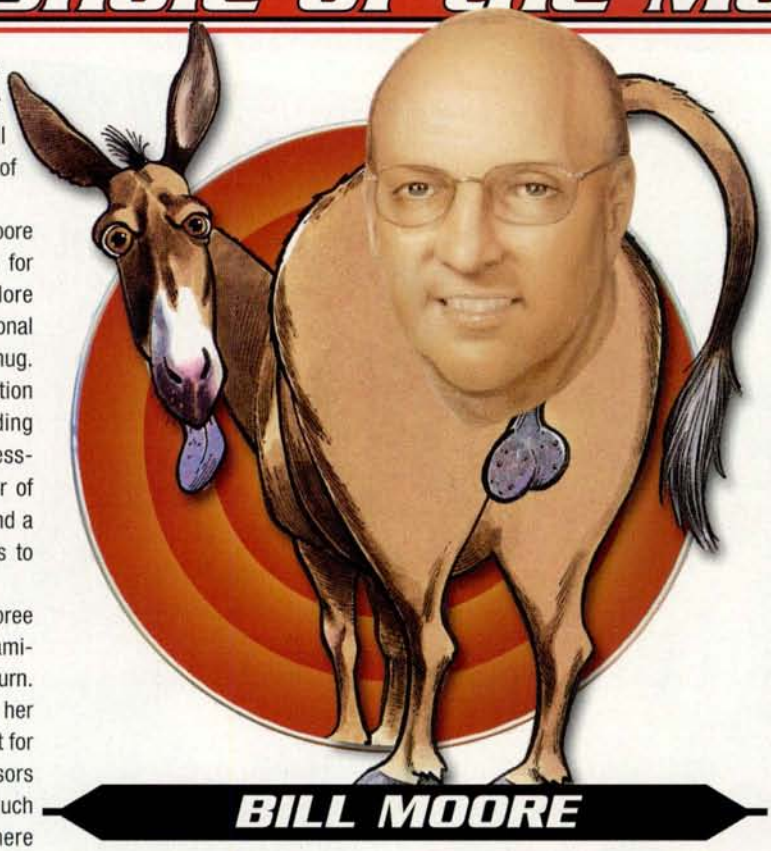
Asshole of the Month



A gigantic dung chute hovering menacingly over a tiny town, Bill Moore is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for May 2004.

For the past seven years, Moore has been the county attorney for Johnson County, Texas. More recently, he's acquired a national reputation as a reactionary thug. The well-earned characterization stems from Moore's impending prosecution of local businesswoman Joanne Webb, a mother of three who faces a year in jail and a $4,000 fine for selling sex toys to consenting adults.

Webb's dildo-driven crime spree began in June 2003, after her family experienced a financial downturn. In a twisted attempt to help feed her kids, Webb became a consultant for Passion Parties, which sponsors gatherings in private homes, much like Tupperware parties, where attendees can buy marital aids.

The former fifth-grade teacher probably didn't realize at the time that she was about to spiral into a morass of criminality; Passion Parties has 150 consultants in Texas, eight of them in the zip codes that serve Burleson, the town of 25,000 where Webb plies her trade, and none of them had drawn legal ire. Webb may have even come to believe that she was providing a service to the couples in her community; at the approximately 30 parties she hosted, she sold dozens of products to customers, none of whom, presumably, had guns to their heads at the time of purchase.

In America, where minding your own business is a cherished virtue, Webb's mobile dildo boutique wouldn't seem to be a cause for alarm.

However, one self-styled patriot, aided by Moore's misguided prosecutorial zeal, knew better. People were seeking sexual gratification—marriages were perhaps even being improved—and this simply would not do. So an anonymous tip was called in and, in a mind-boggling misuse of law-enforcement resources, a sting operation was set up. On October 7, 2003, two undercover narcotics officers were dispatched to a construction company owned by Webb's husband, where Webb helps out with clerical work. Posing as a sexually dysfunctional couple, the cops eventually persuaded Joanne to sell them two vibrators.

County Attorney Moore, realizing that Johnson County's new Public Enemy #1 had been unearthed, rushed to authorize the prosecution of Webb for peddling obscene devices, defined by Texas state law as simulated sexual organs or items designed to stimulate the genitals.

One might argue that Moore is merely enforcing the law as his job dictates. But, of course, he has prosecutorial discretion over which cases to pursue. And, in this instance, the law he's carrying out is particularly abhorrent and idiotic, even beyond its constitutionally shaky encroachment on privacy. It's not illegal to own sex toys in Texas, only to hawk them, begging the question: How are people supposed to buy the things, if no one is allowed to sell them? Moreover, the law declares that sex toys may be sold as long as they're characterized as "for novelty purposes only"— in short, it encourages dishonesty.

Moore, with his jihad on orgasmic fulfillment, has appeased the bitter, craven snitch who dropped a dime on Webb under the cloak of anonymity. Other Texans, who'd rather not see their state deteriorate into a horrific hybrid of *Hee Haw* and *Mein Kampf*, are rightfully outraged. Before the trial has even begun, citizens have flooded the local papers with missives registering their disgust.

"I'm embarrassed to say that I live in Texas," laments one Houstonian.

"Congratulations on becoming the laughing stock of Texas towns," froths a former Dallas police officer.

In the meantime, Chris Webb, Joanne's husband, has been forced to close his two construction companies, due largely to the negative publicity generated by the charges. Joanne herself has had to step down as an ambassador for the Burleson Chamber of Commerce, even though, according to Chamber president Greg Solomon, she was "among our top volunteers."

What does Moore have to say? Nothing; so far he has remained tight-lipped, if flabby-brained.

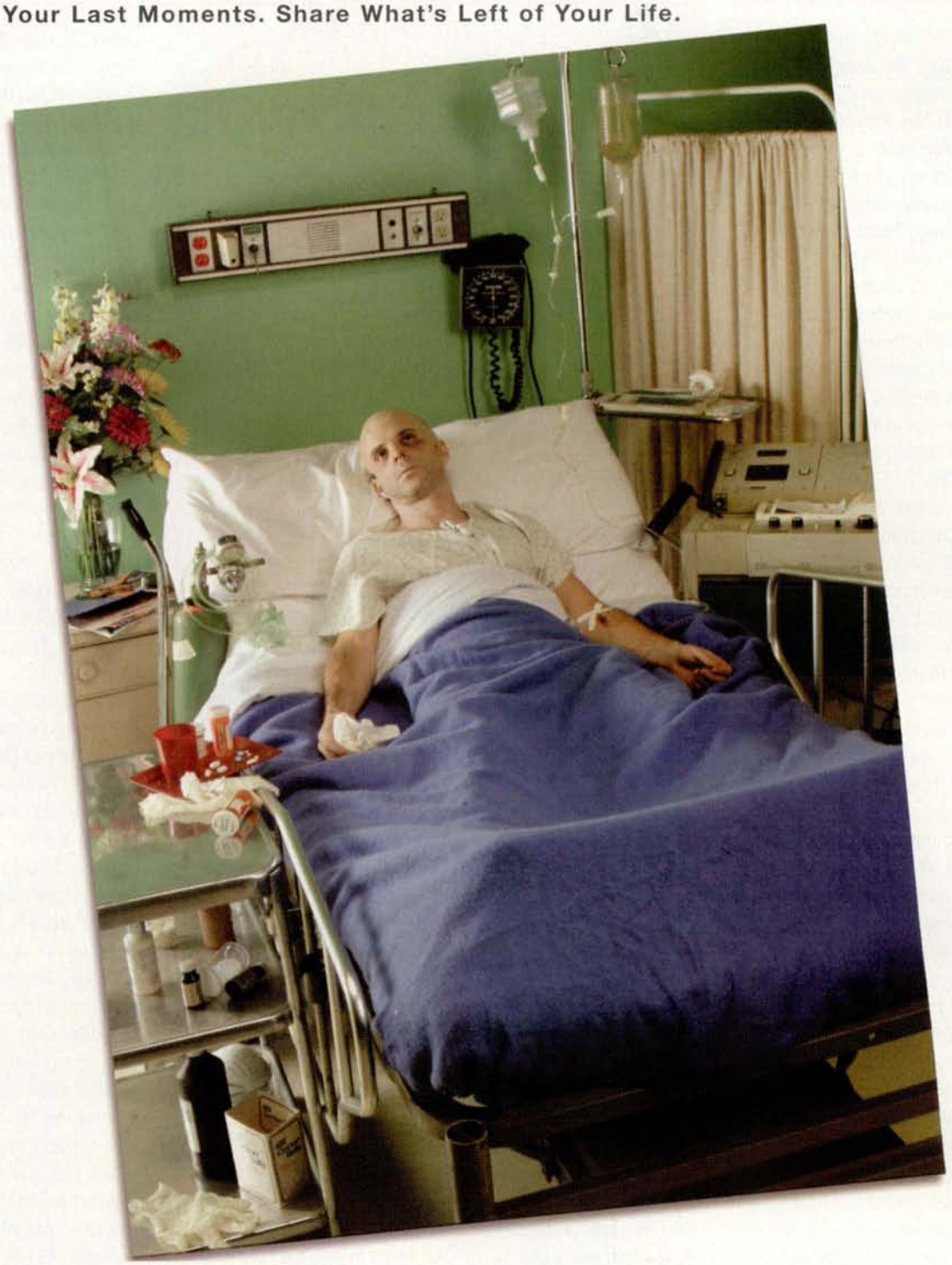
As a source of distressing shit for a would-be free country, however, Moore's Asshole is open for business.

Farts in the Wind

Victor Souaid: A former Lighthouse Point, Florida, urologist, Souaid was recently found guilty on 59 counts of overbilling his patients' insurance for doses of a drug used to treat prostate cancer. Dozens of patients received either diluted or phony doses of the drug; Souaid then sold the remainder to drug wholesalers, pocketing $1.5 million. Sentenced to four years in prison, Souaid surrendered his medical license, but his Asshole status is irrevocable.

Ed Frank: In a summary plan detailing new overtime rules, the Labor Department pointed out several methods for employers to screw their workers out of overtime pay, including cutting employees' hourly wages and adding the overtime to equal the original salary. "We're not saying anybody should do any of this," smirked Department spokesman Ed Frank. Frank's smarmy wink toward legal theft brings to mind an Asshole pinching off a turd.

Share Your Last Moments. Share What's Left of Your Life.



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BUTT PLUG OF THE MONTH

What would *you* like to see in a Honey's ass?

We had to pay 40 bucks for this Ann Coulter doll because the manufacturer refused to send us one, possibly because they were concerned what we would do with it. As shown here, we only wanted to give Coulter the opportunity to shove her head up someone else's ass for a change. HUSTLER *still* encourages readers to tell us what they'd like to see embedded in a babe's booty. Send requests to: HUSTLER's "Butt Plug of the Month," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Dollystyle

If you've ever wanted to hang with Snoop Dogg, but shy away from flying bullets and pot busts, here's your chance. Sota Toys has come out with a nine-inch vinyl figure of the rap icon and star of MTV's *Doggy Fizzle Televizzle*. Even if you're not a pimp daddy, once the ho's and bitches see that you're down with Snoop, you'll be balls deep in booty (trust us, it won't be anything like your ill-fated Strawberry Shortcake period in the third grade). The Snoop Dogg doll comes in three different suits—purple, white and black—and is available at record stores nationwide or at **www.SotaToys.com**.

Porn From the Past

Thanks and $150 go to J. M. of Springfield, Illinois, for this ancient oral artifact. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

Weird Science

Dr. Stuart Meloy of Piedmont Anesthesia and Pain Consultants in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has patented a device that supposedly triggers orgasms in chicks. A clinical trial has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration, but so far the doc has only had one volunteer, a married woman who had not had an orgasm in four years (another wonderful side-effect of marriage). According to Dr. Meloy, the so-called Orgasmatron gave the non-orgasmic gal her first multiple hoo-ha. However, some medical experts say a vibrator can create the same results; we imagine a shopping spree at Neiman Marcus would too.

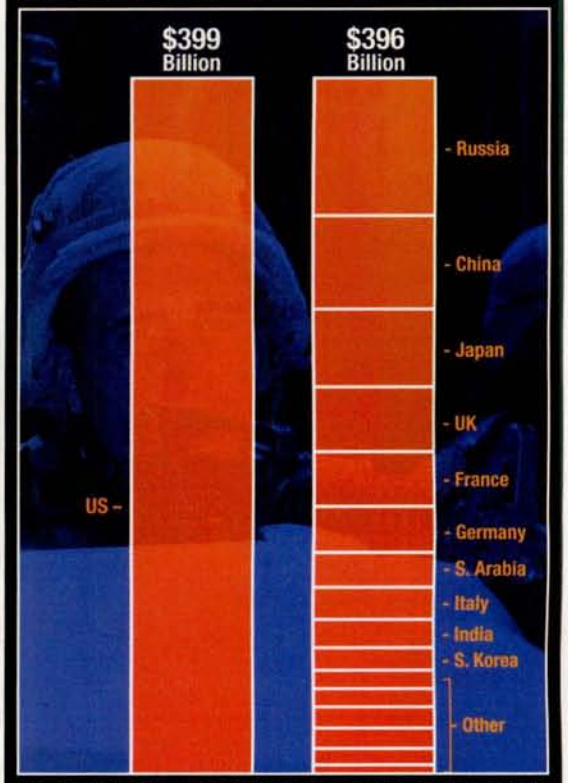
"Every time a friend succeeds, I die a little." —GORE VIDAL

"Wife: a former sweetheart." —H.L. MENCKEN

Beauty and the Beast

When Celine Dion performed on the *Today Show* on May 17, 2002, she appeared to be completely normal. But when the Canadian songbird returned to the morning program on July 10, 2003, she looked like David Bowie's ugly twin brother. What the hell happened? Has she always been a man and we just didn't know it, or did the pop star undergo a titanic transsexual operation without telling anyone? Only her gynecologist knows for sure.

AT WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?



President Bush has said, "We must never cut corners when it comes to our national security." But does America really need a defense budget that exceeds the military spending of the next top 20 nations combined? Amazingly, Dubya doesn't feel that even $399 billion is enough. He reportedly wants to bump the war chest up to $451 billion by 2007; sounds like another "liberation" is in the works.

by Aaron Warner

Horn Dog Davis
SO, I'M OUT WITH THIS GUY, RIGHT? AND HE TAKES ME TO THE ARCADE . . . I GUESS TO SHOW ME OFF TO HIS FRIENDS . . . EXCEPT THEY WERE ALL LIKE TEN.
. . . THEN HE KEPT TALKING ABOUT HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND WHO WAS A BRA MODEL FOR CATALOGS. BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM SINCE HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HER NAME AND JUST CALLED HER "STYLE B."
SOUNDS LIKE A REAL WINNER.
BUT GET THIS, THEN HE ASKED ME OUT FOR A SECOND DATE AND I'M THINKING, "FINISH YOUR BEER WHILE I MAKE UP AN EXCUSE TO SAY NO."
SO, IT'S THIS GUY YOU'RE ON A DATE WITH?
YEAH, I THINK I'LL JUST TELL HIM I'M MARRIED.
Y'KNOW, I CAN HEAR YOU.

NEWSBITES

Giving Her the Tongue: After getting into an argument with his girlfriend (whom he reportedly pushed), a man in Wichita, Kansas, tried to make up with his sweetie by giving her a big kiss. She then allegedly bit off a good portion of his tongue. Police say that the man and a piece of his tongue were rushed to the hospital, where doctors tried to reattach it. The hospital would not confirm the man's condition, but his girlfriend shouldn't expect any oral sex for a very long time.

Grade-School Groping: In Mount Clemens, Michigan, an eight-year-old sex offender has been ordered by the court to enter a rehabilitation program. Reports say the pint-size child molester pinned down a female classmate and probed her breasts (wow—early bloomer!) and genital area. The miniature horndog also allegedly felt up some other girls. This group-groping occurred when the children were left unattended in a classroom during a showing of *Mary Poppins*. At press time, it was not yet known whether Joe Lieberman will call for the film's prohibition.

Weird Activity in Roswell: Former Roswell, New Mexico, Deputy Police Chief Don Sharp recently pleaded no contest to contributing to the delinquency of a minor. According to court records, three teenage girls claim they saw Sharp fondling himself in his backyard. The retired lawman contends he was "probably" just peeing on the lawn. Poor Mr. Sharp is on probation for 18 months for using his lawn as a toilet. Does that mean he'll have to go back to using the kitchen sink?

More Masturbatory Crime!: An unidentified man was allegedly seen beating his meat in front of the Women's Center at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Nathalie Han, a front-desk associate at the Center, admits that the guy's schlong was not exposed, but stated, "You could tell (what he was doing) by the look on his face. He was really pounding it. What do you say to a guy who is masturbating in front of the place you work?" How about, "Do you need some Vaseline and a tissue?"

Fake ID Backfire #68594039: After moving to Connecticut, James Perry feared that his four previous drunk-driving arrests might make it difficult for him to get a driver's license. Police say Perry stole the name of a neighbor who, unbeknownst to him, was a convicted sex offender. After being arrested for disorderly conduct, Perry's fake ID came back to haunt him as the cops thought he was an unregistered sex offender. Perry finally fessed up and got charged with criminal impersonation, identity theft and forgery. That's enough to drive a guy to drink.

Blue Notes

While Britney Spears appears to be trying to break into porn, adult-film star Houston is attempting to do just the opposite. The ten-year porn veteran, best known for her 620-man gang-bang and auctioning off severed bits of her labia, hopes to enter the world of mainstream music with her new, two-song maxi-single CD. Houston cowrote both of the dance tunes on the disc, and the result is surprisingly good. Her songs sound like Madonna's catchy "*grrrl*" anthems. A video and nationwide club tour are planned for the future, but right now the CD is available at major record chains and online at **www.HotHouston.com**.

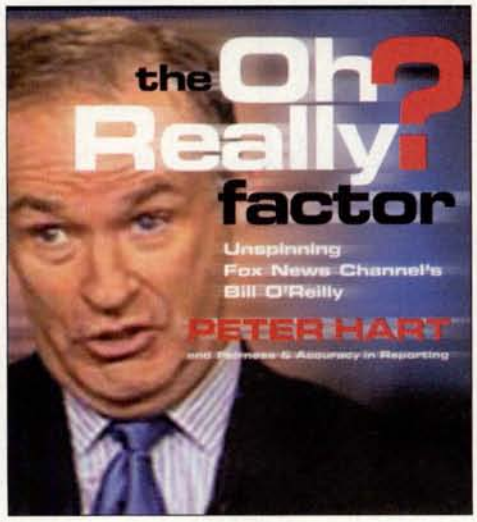
web site of the month

Raunchy Rankings

Surfing the Web for porn isn't all point, click and squirt. You can get ripped off by unsavory Web sites or find yourself buried in a barrage of pop-ups that lock your computer screen tighter than the Olsen twins' knees (we're guessing). Sir Rodney's Guide to Online Erotica comes to the rescue with free reviews of porn sites, which are rated for their models, special features and user-friendliness. Sir Rodney also offers safety tips on using your credit card online and advice on how to dodge cyberspace scams. Before searching for Internet smut, check out **www.SirRodney.com**.

Olsen Twins Countdown

As of March 9, 2004, there are only 96 more days until the Olsen twins become legal!



Spun Out

Conservative media gasbag Bill O'Reilly loves to warn his guests that they are in the No-Spin Zone when they come on his TV show, *The O'Reilly Factor*. Now Peter Hart and FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting) expose Bill's spins, distortions and outright lies in *The Oh Really? Factor*. The book chronicles every mendacious moment, from O'Reilly's bizarre claims of nonpartisanship ("I'm not right wing. I believe in global warming") to his countless unsubstantiated statements ("Drug addicts are not thrown into prisons. It is the dope dealer who goes"). To get your copy, try your local bookstore or **www.SevenCities.com**.

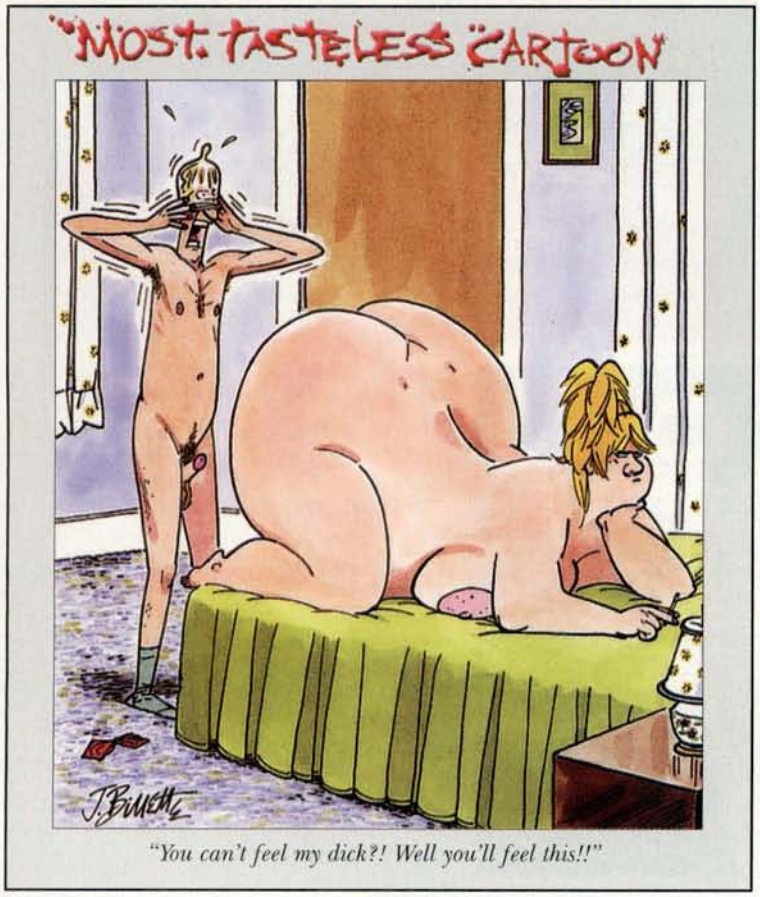
"Half of the American people never read a newspaper. Half never voted for President. One hopes it is the same half." —GORE VIDAL

CELEBRITY FANTASY

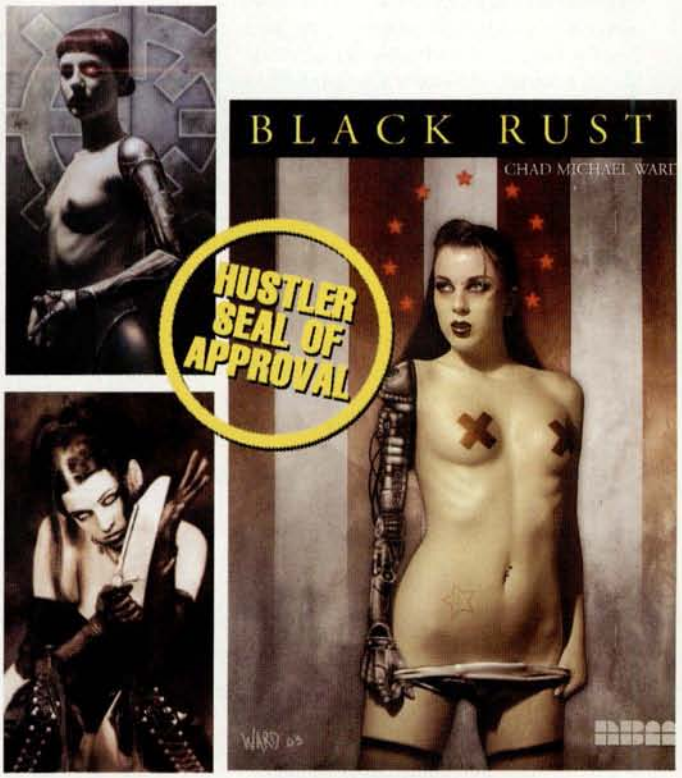
What would ...Paris Hilton... look like with a dick in her mouth?

The infamous Internet sex tape featuring Paris Hilton and Rick Salomon is far too dim and grainy. Therefore, as a service to HUSTLER readers, we are presenting what Paris might look like sucking dick in good lighting. No need to thank us, Paris; we're just doing our part to help your career. Next time, please illuminate the bedroom properly to give us a professional show.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Paris Hilton exists. Well, actually, it probably does, but it's not this one. This is a social commentary on a rich party girl caught with her pants down, legs spread and mouth open.



"You can't feel my dick?! Well you'll feel this!!"



Outer Limits

This Month: *Black Rust* by Chad Michael Ward

What It Is: A collection of pornographic paintings that feature nude chicks in bondage, wearing bio-mechanical gear and sporting bizarre tattoos. Both arousing and disturbing, Ward's gothic-futuristic babes look like they just stepped out of a Philip K. Dick novel. You won't know whether to whack off or freak out.

Why We Care: Chad Michael Ward's unorthodox art technique begins with photographing a live model, then digitally manipulating the image. Lastly, he paints the picture with watercolors to create a moody masterpiece.

Buzz: *Black Rust* has gotten kudos from comic-book writer Warren Ellis and artist Timothy Bradstreet.

How to Get It: *Black Rust* is available at comic-book stores, major bookstore chains and at **www.NBMPub.com**. To see more of Chad's work, check out **www.DigitalApocalypse.com**.

Bottom Line: Step into the future of erotica—if you dare!

"Marriage is like paying an endless visit to your worst clothes."
—J. B. PRIESTLEY

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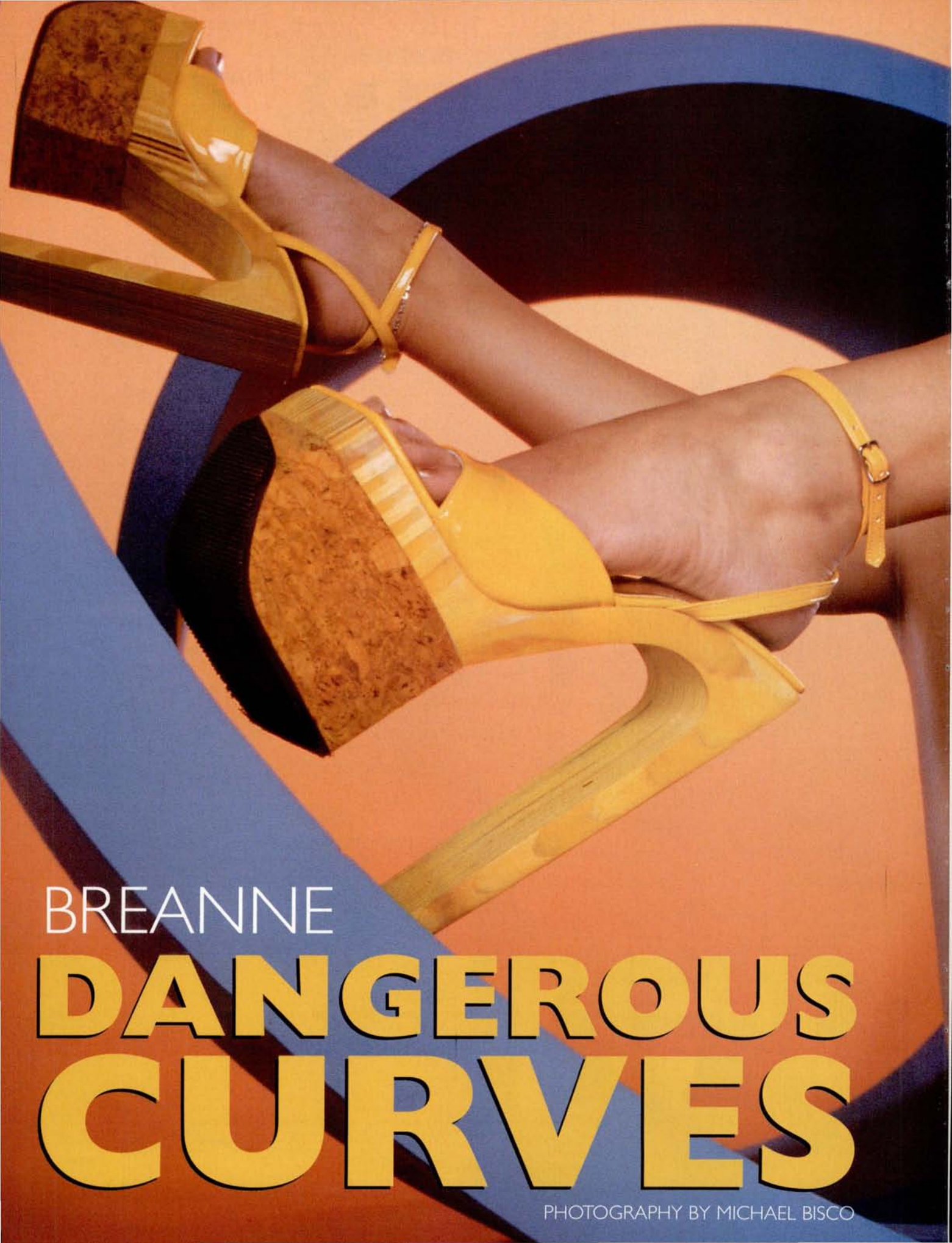

BREANNE
DANGEROUS
CURVES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

Originally from Albania, Breanne moved to the United States when she was just seven. The 19-year-old spent the latter part of her high-school years as a Junior Charger, performing during halftime with the Charger Girls (the San Diego Chargers' cheerleading squad) for two seasons.

Currently a psychology major in college, Breanne says, "My attention span is about five minutes. Psychology is the only class that I can actually sit there for a full hour and pay attention the whole time."

The aspiring headshrinker does, however, have strong opinions on U.S. soldiers not being allowed to read porn while stationed in Iraq: "I don't think that's fair. They haven't been with a woman for a while; why not a little HUSTLER Magazine here and there?" Now there's a stance worth cheering about.

TINY GODS OF THUNDER

MEET MINI-KISS, THE WORLD'S SMALLEST TRIBUTE BAND

A Little Song and Dance With Dan Kapelovitz

"We're going to take a short break—like we have a choice."

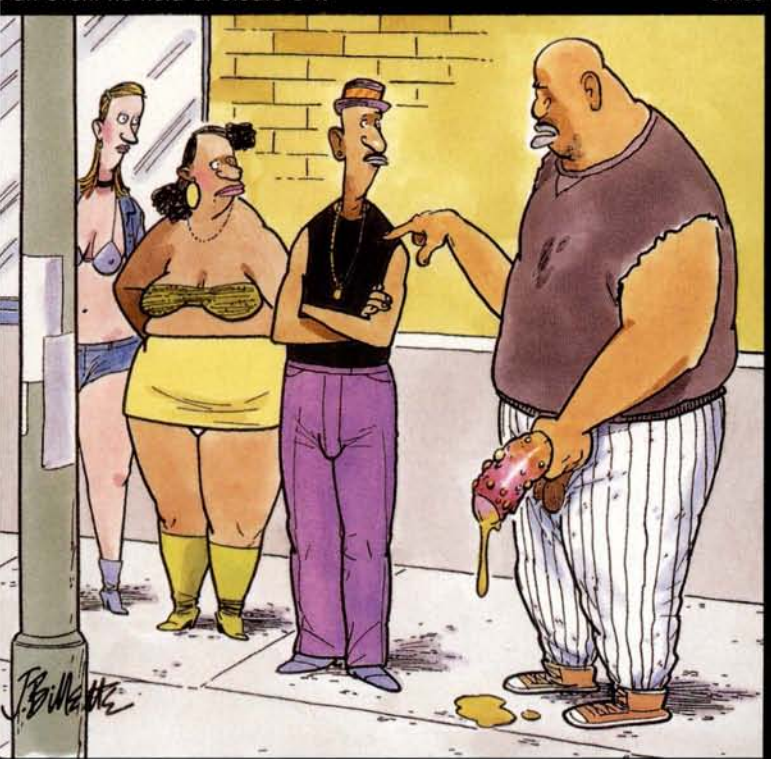
iss has most likely spawned more tribute bands than any other roup on the planet, but Mini-Kiss literally dwarfs the competition. ll of the band members are little people ("I hate the M word," says e group's mastermind, Mini-Gene, a/k/a Joey) and, while the lew York-based act may be short in stature, their reputation is rowing by leaps and bounds. The group, which started five years go as a Halloween-party novelty act, has since performed on *mmy Kimmel Live* and even played before the real Gene Simmons t an event he held at Studio 54.

Intrigued by the prospect of such a spectacle, I decide to attend one of their performances at Los Angeles's Viper Room. I'm standing outside with a sizable crowd, all of us excited to experience Kiss in miniature, when a car pulls up, and the members of Mini-Kiss emerge. I introduce myself to Mini-Gene, who is smoking a cigarette, talking on a cell phone and acknowledging his fans simultaneously. He leads me to the front of the line, and we are quickly whisked into a crowded office that serves as the backstage area. Since Mini-Kiss's drummer is on his way back to New York, Viper Room general manager Sal Jenco, who, luckily, is not much taller than the rest of the band, will fill in on drums. Instead of Kiss makeup, he wears a Peter Criss Halloween mask.

While the group sets up behind a curtain, the emcee asks the audience members in the first four rows to sit on their knees so that people behind them can see the band. The curtain opens, revealing the diminutive rockers in a heavy smoke-machine haze. But wait a minute: The band isn't really playing their instruments. In fact, their guitars are made out of wood, and they're singing "karaoke-style" over a Kiss CD. Making matters worse, the opening song, "Calling Dr. Love," is skipping. The band is visibly annoyed, but continues bravely. Even with these shortcomings, the crowd is loving it. After the first number, the CD player is working properly, and the band "plays" a number of Kiss classics. Mini-Gene spits blood and lasciviously wags his disproportionally large tongue. One eager female fan jumps onstage and sings, "I wanna rock and roll all night and party every day." After the show, a Hollywood hipster gushes, "This is the greatest thing I have ever seen."

Hyperbole? Perhaps. But considering that two of the most entertaining things on Earth are Kiss and midg—*er*, little people, how can they go wrong?

Or, as Mini-Gene explains it, "You wanted the littlest; you got the littlest."



"Yo, I gots a problem with one a yer ho's!"

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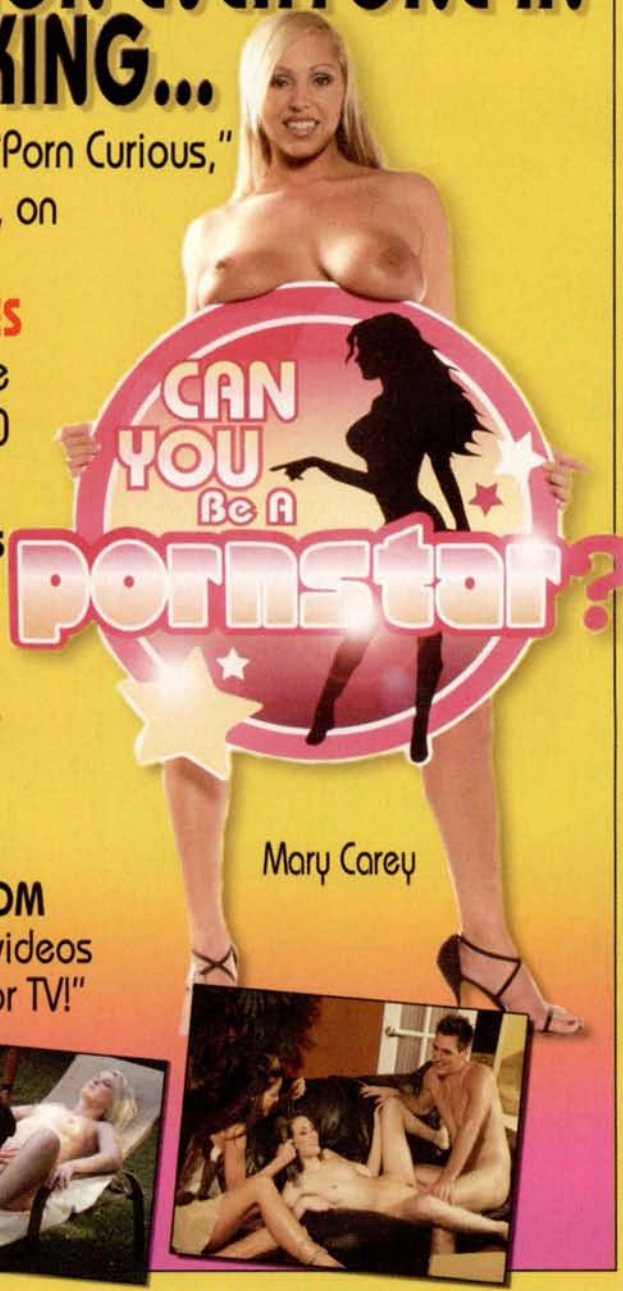

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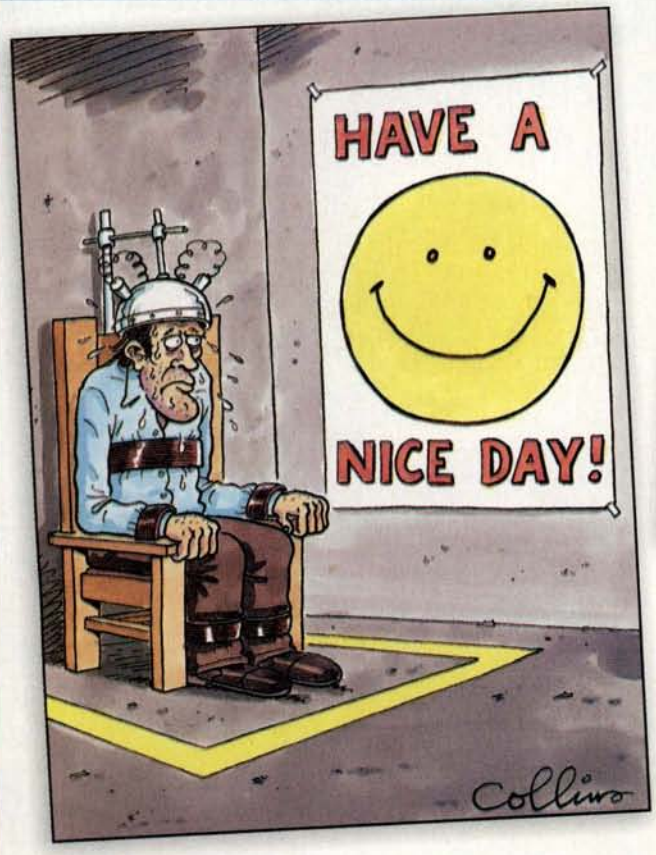

"And to think I was nervous about asking you for a kiss good night."

"Hi, Mom...oh, just dealing with the baseball season."

"Actually, I was really getting worried. I thought she was out shopping all this time."

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QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE

Queens of the Stone Age (l-r: Nick Oliveri, Joey Castillo, Josh Homme, Troy Van Leeuwen, Mark Lanegan), ready to rock your grandma's living room.

Photo by Patrick Hoelck

Hard rock's saviors talk candidly to HUSTLER Magazine—well, at least the one without a wife or a girlfriend does.

Backstage With Kashy Khaledi

In the 1990s, Palm Desert, California-based Kyuss were the masters of stoner rock. From the remains of this relatively obscure band rose the hugely popular Queens of the Stone Age. Kyuss guitarist Josh Homme and bassist Nick Oliveri paired up again, this time with an effeminate appellation and a sharpened sonic edge.

With their 1998, self-titled debut album, QOTSA cut through the sea of bland nü-metal and saccharine boy bands to reveal their unique blend of pop hook-smithery and psychedelia-tinged hard rock. Homme, now a full-fledged frontman, issued cryptic, creepy melodies while his guitar work explored lysergic, anvil-heavy tangents that fused Blue Cheer, Black Sabbath and Nirvana.

In 2000, their following grew when they performed at Ozzfest to promote their second record, *Rated R*, a favorite of critics and fellow musicians. Dave Grohl, of Nirvana and Foo Fighters fame, publicly praised the band and surprisingly accepted an invitation to tour and record with QOTSA on their third album, *Songs for the Deaf*. A sprawling exercise in high-decibel bludgeoning and brain-bending experimentation, *Songs* yielded the Grammy-nominated hit, "Go With the Flow," and has so far sold more than a million copies.

QOTSA have managed to combine both innovation and commercial success—no easy feat in this era of Clear Channel homogenization. It seems that the further they move from the mainstream, the more the mainstream follows them. And today, I travel all of the way to Ventura, California, for one of their many sold-out shows on their transcontinental trek.

I show up at the Ventura Theater's backstage entrance an hour before the band's scheduled to perform. After exchanging menial chitchat with a burly British road manager named Curly, I'm escorted upstairs into the band's dressing room.

Considering that the lyrics of the band's breakout single, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer," consist entirely of the words, "Nicotine, Valium, Vicodin, marijuana, ecstasy and alcohol/c-c-c-c-c-cocaine" and Oliveri was arrested for rockin' out in the nude at the 2001 Rock in Rio festival, I expect to see a rainbow of psychotropics being consumed and drug-crazed groupies being shark-fucked á la Led Zeppelin. Instead, I find sexy alterna-chicks submerged in a haze of pot smoke, chuckling amid beer-swilling rock stars.

I hear background banter of "I want to be interviewed by HUSTLER," but it becomes increasingly apparent that there's an uneasy strain in the room upon my arrival. The tension goes from palpable to unbearable as I'm introduced to bassist and sometime vocalist Nick Oliveri, whose glassy glare, three-inch-long goatee, shaved head and robust frame make me think twice about the vulgarity I'm about to introduce him to. Fuck it. How often do I have HUSTLER backing me up? Onward.

"Can you give me your best Freudian analysis on why people pee on each other for sexual gratification?" I inquire. Even though Oliveri is often pictured wearing a LARRY FLYNT FOR PRESIDENT T-shirt, he is noticeably leveled by my first question. Nick squirms uneasily before answering with trepidation. "I don't know," he says. "I think, maybe, people need some warmth in their lives. It's not really my thing, but I got nothing against it."

It's only after my second question, when I ask him if he blows lines, that I realize his paramour is in close proximity. "I can't. I can't, man," explains Nick. "My girlfriend's right over there." After a wink and a grin, he introduces me to my first beer of the night.

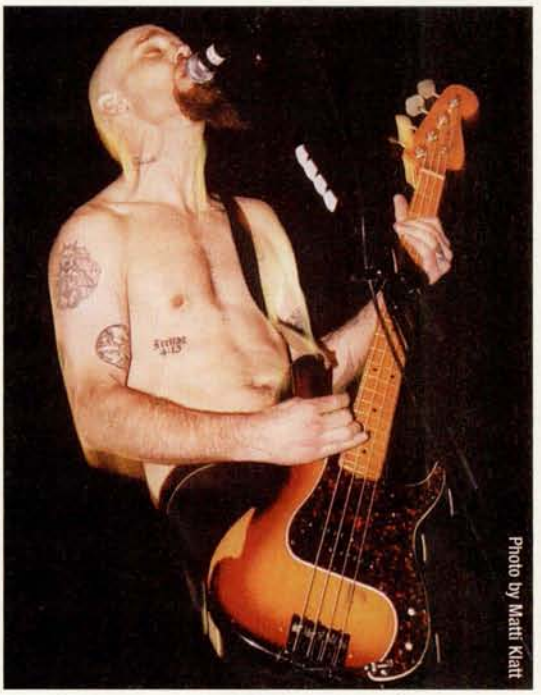


Photo by Matti Klatt

A few cackles and swigs later, I'm directed toward the newest member of QOTSA, former Screaming Trees vocalist Mark Lanegan. Sprawled out on a couch, lighting a cigarette, the lanky Lanegan, a dead ringer for Tom Waits, is engaged in a scuffle via cell phone with his wife. The rasp in his voice sounds like sandpaper scraping concrete, and his face tells an agonizing story of self-torment. Surprisingly, his soul bears lightness as he grins like a ten-year-old about to crack open his father's HUSTLER Magazine for the first time.

He informs me of his love affair with HUSTLER. "I used to jack off to HUSTLER," he says. "The thing about HUSTLER is that you're jacking off to one page, and then you turn the page and there's an exploded head. It's just wrong."

When asked to comment further about the fine line between smut and sludge, he adds, "I'm not into shit. That's one thing I haven't been asked to do, nor would I. I'm not into blood or shit; that's not really my bag. And I'm not into puke—rainbow showers, ya know."

"I don't care how mainstream it's become; I don't want you to fuck me in the ass!"

We soon enter a discussion about something even viler than rainbow showers: the current state of affairs plaguing world peace. QOTSA have publicly pronounced that their music has always been about escapism, but they're noticeably agitated about the Bush regime and its stance on war. Still, Lanegan offers a diplomatic response regarding international affairs and media coverage: "I only [watch the news] when I want to get the shit scared out of me—only when I want to be ashamed. To be honest, I don't really like to think about it. I feel like an ant trying to stop a train when I think about it."

Even so, after my intrusion on his political beliefs, Lanegan is noticeably more involved in our communion of surly sex stories. He informs me of his experience with golden showers and role-playing. "I've gotten people who like to drink straight from the tap," he says. "It's not unhealthy, is it? I actually own a police uniform. My wife likes it. She used to date a cop. Back in the day, when I was doing drugs, people used to think I was a [narcotics] cop. I'm always willing to discipline people. Am I going to have to discipline you, son? I think you might need a spanking."

All the loose talk comes to a screeching halt, however, when I press him about groupies. "No comment. That's the kind of stuff that just tends to incriminate guys." Appropriately timed, Josh Homme stumbles in, commanding, "Let me talk to HUSTLER."

"Yeah, man," Lanegan replies. "He can say all types of shit that I can't, because he's single."

Photo by Matti Klatt

Plopping down, the beefy, Craig Kilborn-esque frontman collapses into his seat. Without missing a beat, he blurts his philosophy on facials and the divergent societal opinions regarding sex and violence. "When cum-shots started happening [in porn magazines] six years ago, I was like, 'Finally!'" he states. "You could watch *The A-Team* with your parents as people blow each other up, but the minute there's tits or someone blows a load, people go, 'Hey! Hey! Easy!'"

Homme offers a historical theory on America's sexual repression. "Our country was started by people that were kicked out of England," the six-foot ax-slinger posits. "They say they left, but in reality everyone hated them, and they were glad they left because of the Plymouth Brethren and shit like that. They were into nonsexual gratification at all times."

Unlike his cohorts' reticence, Homme's impulsive, humorous harangue is a breath of fresh air in this age of apolitical artists. Panicky of plummeting record sales, candor is a lost commodity in today's musicians. Whether or not Homme is a little tipsy at this point isn't the issue. He speaks from the heart when he extrapolates freely about the American media's fear-pumping machine, quipping, "I love how the American media is trying to scare you at all times. Like this Great White/Rhode Island club fire. They instantly went, 'Clubs: Can they kill you?' On the BBC, they just say the facts: 'Someone died here. This is what happened. Next.'"

LARRY FLYNT'S PRAYER
THANK YOU, LORD, FOR MAKING WOMEN JEALOUSLY GUARD THE SECRETS OF THEIR PUSSIES SO THAT MEN WILL PAY MONEY TO SEE PICTURES OF THEM.
AMEN
LARRY FLYNT

With a sharp conversational turn, Homme then expounds on his own personal proclivities for sexual deviance. "I'm not much for urine," Homme vehemently points out. "I peed on a girl one time, but I was really young, and I really had to go. I'm not much of a shitter either, and as far as puke, I don't puke on or off. In fact, in general, when I drink, I don't like to end up puking either. It seems that something that goes in shouldn't come back out of the hole it came in. It's a mistake; it's the coming up of what went down."

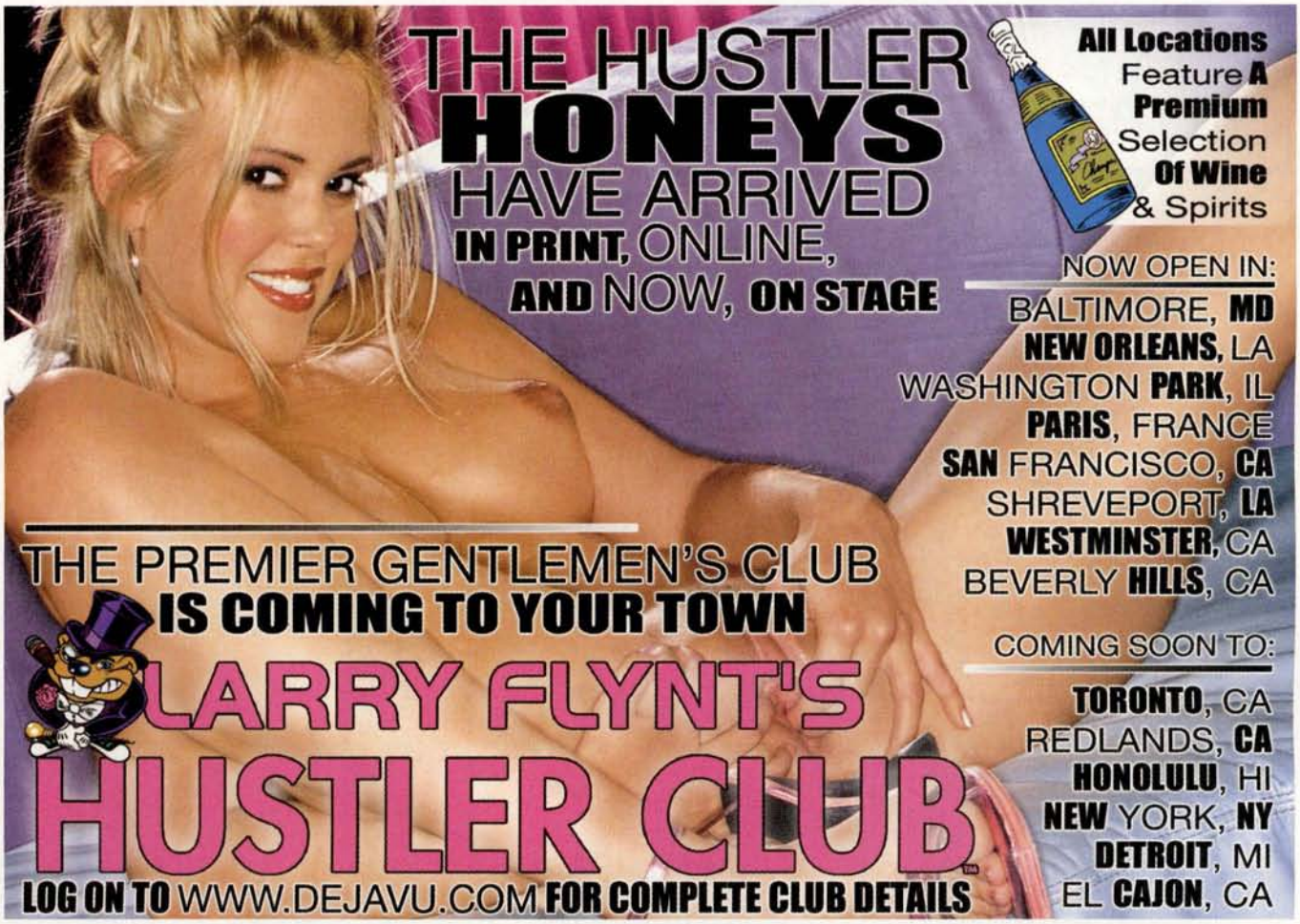
QOTSA's core philosophy, however, is and will always be simply about "rockin' out with your cock out." In spite of his personal beliefs, Homme reassures me that, "We're a band with an escapist mentality. So, I think, more than ever, we're vital [to our fans] now."

If it gets too hairy in terms of an apocalyptic outcome of the current War on Terror, Homme's reaction will be as certain as his wit. "If there's a Third World War, and it's over, and there's a few people left, Nick and I will immediately march against peace."

* * *

Kashy Khaledi is the publisher/creative director of Lollapalooza Magazine and Pony's Vodvyl Magazine, which will be launched this summer. He was also the publisher of Mean Magazine and the associate publisher/editor in chief of Filter Magazine.

ANOTHER GORE ENDORSEMENT
HEY... I'D SLEEP WITH HIM...
TOSTEN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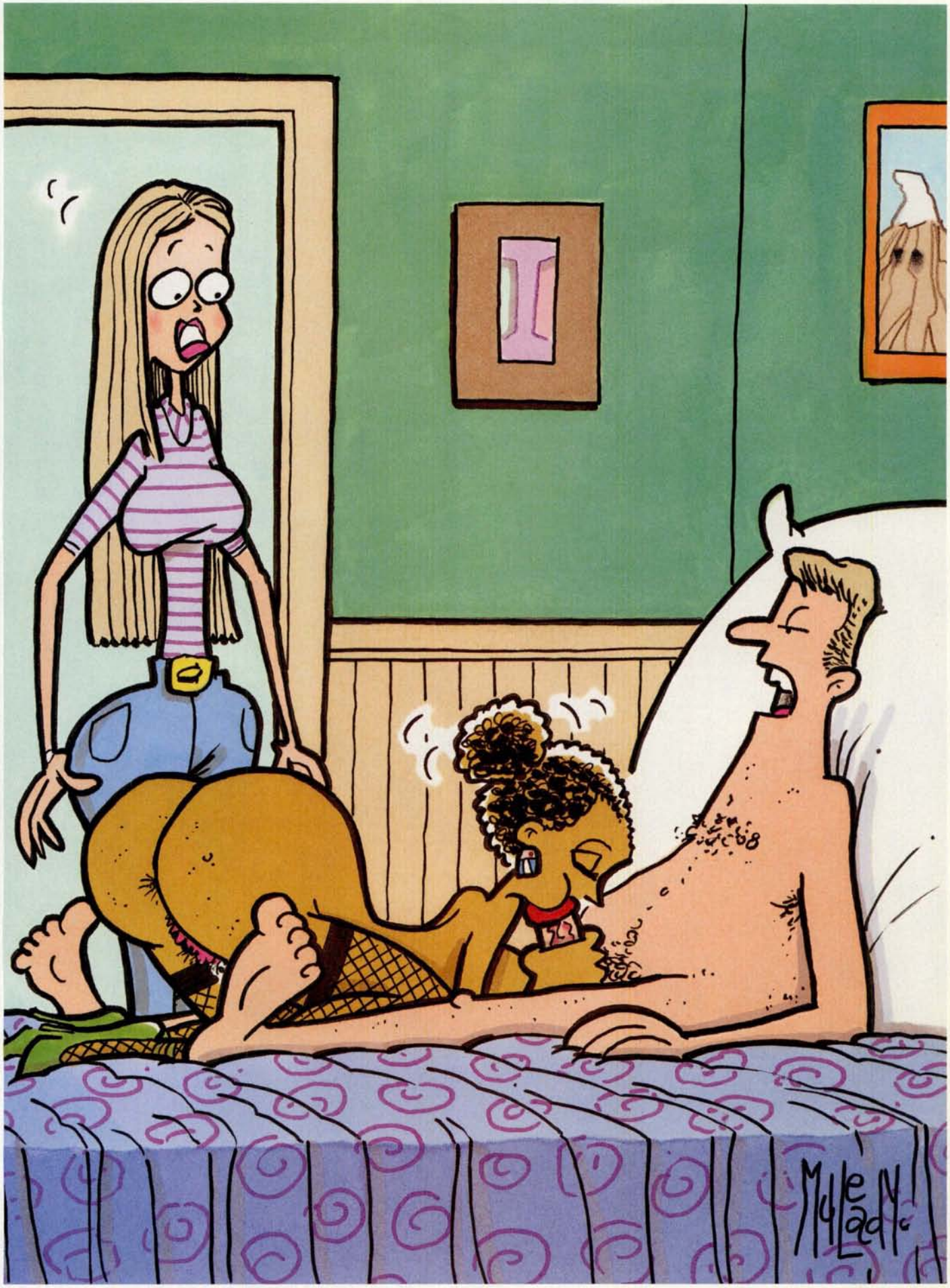


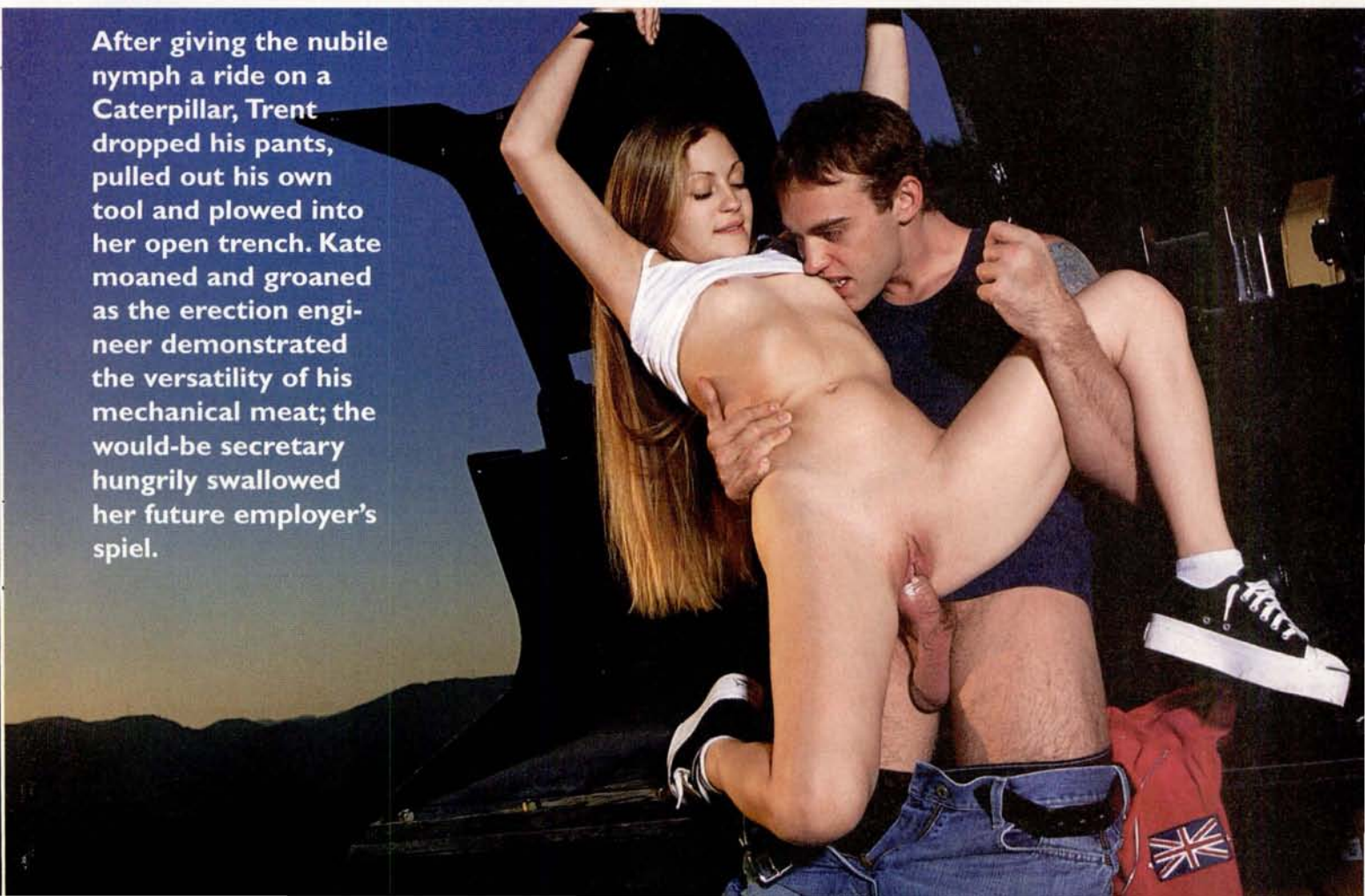
"You bitch so much about giving me blowjobs, I decided to outsource 'em."

DIGGING IN

KATE AND TRENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

During her job interview, Kate told Trent that she wanted to work for his construction company because big, powerful machines turned her on. To give her a feel for the business, the cocky executive took the eager applicant outside to show off his latest equipment.



After giving the nubile nymph a ride on a Caterpillar, Trent dropped his pants, pulled out his own tool and plowed into her open trench. Kate moaned and groaned as the erection engineer demonstrated the versatility of his mechanical meat; the would-be secretary hungrily swallowed her future employer's spiel.

Kate gets wet behind the ears and everywhere else in HOT SHOWERS #14, BARELY LEGAL #44 and HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #15 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.ShopHUSTLER.com to order.

FISCHERSPOONER

Dance-circuit darling Casey Spooner dishes about pervy cab drivers, violence and the time he felt Kylie Minogue's ass.

Q&A by Kashy Khaledi

Founded by art-school pals Warren Fischer and Casey Spooner, electronica outfit/performance art duo Fischerspooner has had much success. They've worked with Kylie Minogue (who enjoyed their remix of her single "Come Into My World" so much that she invited Spooner to perform it with her on *Top of the Pops*) and played a command performance for David Bowie. Meanwhile, the New York-based group's techno single "Emerge," from their debut album, *#1*, played repeatedly on a VH1 promo.

Live, Fischer waxes glorious synth-pop over the dancing exploits of Spooner, while both are engulfed by a throng of dancers straight out of *Cats*. Feathers, makeup, sweat, blood and maybe even tears spill off the stage as the sexually charged crowd dances the night away under throbbing strobe lights.

HUSTLER caught up with frontman Casey Spooner between bouts of fan adulation and critical adoration.

HUSTLER: Your concerts are like Vegas shows. Would you ever be a resident headliner at a hotel there?

SPOONER: It's funny you should bring that up, because we're talking to people about that right now. My dream is not to tour in the traditional sense, but to put together a large show where people come to us—kind of like a destination.

HUSTLER: What was it like performing with Kylie Minogue?

SPOONER: She's a very petite lady. I'm tall, but I'm not that tall. I look like a behemoth next to her. When we're standing back to back, it's like her head is just above my butt. When I was getting ready to do my appearance with her at *Top of the Pops*, I asked this journalist from *NME* what I should do when I'm performing with her, and he told me to grab her ass because it has a cult following. I heard this crazy rumor she had ass implants.

HUSTLER: Did you grab her ass?

SPOONER: Yes.

HUSTLER: Did she have implants?

SPOONER: I couldn't tell. It's a good ass, but I didn't feel anything. When I went into the rehearsal with the choreographer, I told him I'd do anything he wanted, but I'd have to grab her ass during the taping; so it was actually written into the choreography—this ass-grab. Of course, when we did the taping, they missed the shot, and in the end, Justin Timberlake ends up biting my style and doing the ass-grab, and he got the shot.

HUSTLER: What is your song "Indian Cab Driver" about?

SPOONER: An Indian cab driver tried to pick me up in New York; cab drivers hit on people all the time. I was just getting into the Bollywood stuff; so I naively started talking to him about cultural ideas and told him how I'd love to go to India to learn about the films there. He said, "You don't need to go to India. India's waiting right here for you in the front seat." Later he said, in his deep Indian accent, "Do you want to see it? If you like it, you try; if you don't like it, you don't have to try."

HUSTLER: What's the most deviant thing you've ever done in a cab?

SPOONER: I'm actually pretty conservative. I know that's no fun to hear. This project gives me the opportunity to cut loose and do things I wouldn't normally do. I've never gotten laid in a cab, mostly because I wouldn't want cab drivers as an audience.

HUSTLER: What does a typical Fischerspooner groupie look like?

SPOONER: We have some hot and sexy fans. We encourage them to be confident and liberal. It's not like an ugly goth thing; they're actually very glamorous.

HUSTLER: What is all the blood about in your show?

SPOONER: I like it because it's a motif that's, on one hand, very Ozzy, but in another sense, it's very much in the cliché of performance art. It's very Gwar. It's made out of chocolate syrup and food coloring. The track we use it on, "Sweetness," is about updating the myth of Cupid. Being plucked by Cupid has a quaint association now, but when the myth originated, it was the utmost brutality you could imagine. As you can imagine, being plucked by an arrow is quite painful. I wanted to update the technology of warfare; so that's why there are sounds of bullets and jets. We updated the weaponry of Cupid.

HUSTLER: Do you think the masses enjoy watching violence more than sex?

SPOONER: Violence is much more accepted than sex is. American audiences are especially accepting of violence. People are drawn toward any type of brutality. Sex in mainstream culture is very cartoonish, like Pamela Anderson. Violence has diversity, complexity and brutality.

HUSTLER: Are there Fischerspooner orgies?

SPOONER: Some of the onstage ecstasy does sometimes spill over onto the bus.

HUSTLER: What's your drug of choice?

SPOONER: Adrenaline. I get it when I perform. I've never had a problem with drugs and alcohol, because there's nothing like making yourself vulnerable in front of a lot of people. I'll do anything in moderation though.

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

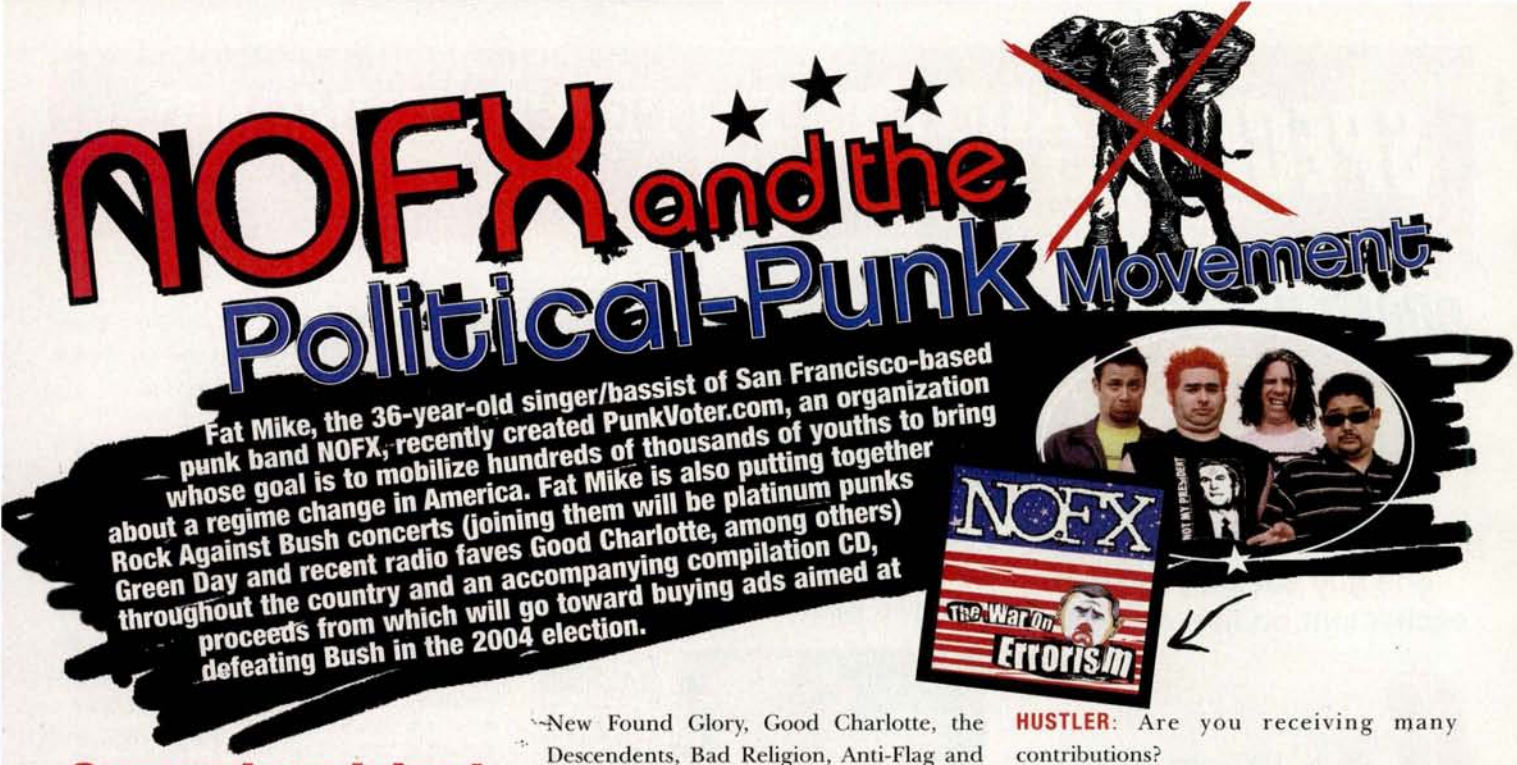
"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - 1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242) is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

NOFX and the Political-Punk Movement



Fat Mike, the 36-year-old singer/bassist of San Francisco-based punk band NOFX, recently created PunkVoter.com, an organization whose goal is to mobilize hundreds of thousands of youths to bring about a regime change in America. Fat Mike is also putting together Rock Against Bush concerts (joining them will be platinum punks Green Day and recent radio faves Good Charlotte, among others) throughout the country and an accompanying compilation CD, proceeds from which will go toward buying ads aimed at defeating Bush in the 2004 election.

Can punk rock beat Bush in 2004?

★ **Interview by Dan Kapelovitz**

HUSTLER: Why did you create PunkVoter.com?

FAT MIKE: I started PunkVoter.com because I really couldn't sleep after George Bush stole the election. I figured, because I'm somewhat of a celebrity—not a big one, but a small celebrity—I have to use my influence on America's youth to educate them on how bad the Bush Administration's policies are and hopefully get them to vote in the next election.

HUSTLER: Do you tell kids to vote against Bush?

FAT MIKE: We can't legally say that because we're a 527 corporation right now, which means we're taking funds from different people in order to make television commercials and magazine advertisements. We're really trying to educate people on the horrible policies the current administration created. We can say anything we want to; we just can't say whom to vote for.

HUSTLER: Tell us about the Rock Against Bush concerts.

FAT MIKE: We're doing a tour next year. We're playing only the swing states, with the exception of California, New York and Texas. Some of it's in March, some of it's in the summer, some of it's in September, and the *Rock Against Bush* CD will be released in March.

HUSTLER: What bands are on the CD?

FAT MIKE: Green Day, the Offspring, Social Distortion, Rancid, Pennywise, NOFX, New Found Glory, Good Charlotte, the Descendents, Bad Religion, Anti-Flag and Against Me, to name a few.

HUSTLER: Did you approach any nonpunk bands?

FAT MIKE: No, I wanted it to be a punk-rock compilation. The only band that's not punk rock is System of a Down, but they wanted to do it; so I'm all for that. There's going to be a DVD with the comp that will have some people speaking, and we're getting portions or all of the movie *Uncovered*, which is a new movie about the war in Iraq made by the same people who made *Unprecedented* [which documented the shady maneuvers in the 2000 Presidential election].

HUSTLER: Are the concerts going to be free?

FAT MIKE: A lot of them are, and a lot of them aren't. Some of them are benefits to help pay for advertising, and some of them are just to get kids pissed.

HUSTLER: Are you going to register people to vote at these concerts?

FAT MIKE: Our goal is [to register] a few hundred thousand kids. That's how many records NOFX sells in the U.S.—400,000 or so. Even if I get a tenth of those kids to vote, who haven't voted before, then I've accomplished my goal. After the 2000 election, I just felt so helpless. My one vote just doesn't seem to make very much difference, but if we can get the entire punk-rock community together, it's gonna be a few hundred thousand people voting as a bloc, like the NRA or the League of Women Voters. Hey, if one of our shows in Florida, where there are 1,500 kids—if half of those kids voted, it would have been different.

HUSTLER: Are you receiving many contributions?

FAT MIKE: Yeah, we're doing pretty well.

HUSTLER: The Dixie Chicks just donated $100,000 to Rock the Vote. Are they gonna give you any money?

FAT MIKE: I don't know. We have to hit 'em up. The Offspring gave money, and all the bands are giving songs to the comp for free.

HUSTLER: What do you think of Rock the Vote?

FAT MIKE: I think they have good intentions, but they're nonpartisan; they don't have any balls. They try to get kids to vote, which is great, but you can't just get them to vote; they have no reason to. You have to tell them how fucked we're all getting by the Bush Administration. Then they get pissed, and they want to vote.

HUSTLER: What are the ads going to say?

FAT MIKE: All different things. They're going to be informative ads on how the Bush Administration has been lying to America. It's just going to show quotes that George Bush said. Depending on what month it was, they are completely conflicting with each other. Dick Cheney specifically said that we know for a fact that Iraq has nuclear weapons, and eight months later, he said on *Meet the Press* that he actually misspoke, and they didn't have any knowledge of nuclear weapons, but that was after the war. So what the fuck is that?

HUSTLER: What are some of the song titles on your new album?

FAT MIKE: "The Idiots Are Taking Over," "Franco Un-American," "American Errorist" and "Idiot Son of an Asshole."

George Bush is the American Errorist—one error after another. It's not just Bush; it's his administration. They've lied about the Iraq war tremendously. That's why people should check out that movie *Uncovered*. The CIA is telling Bush that there's no connection between Saddam Hussein and al Qaeda, and all the weapons inspectors said there are no weapons there, but he tells the American public there are. Then we go [to war in Iraq]. People have faith in their president, because you're supposed to, but you shouldn't when he's lying to you.

HUSTLER: Do you have fans who are currently serving in Iraq?

FAT MIKE: Sure. I have some good friends in the armed forces, and they feel stupid; they don't know why the hell they're out there. I just got an e-mail today—people have seen this, but I just want to get this out there—George Bush Sr. was asked, "Why didn't you go after Saddam Hussein?" and he said, "Because it's a terrible idea—you can't get out. It would mean that American troops would have to occupy Baghdad, and, in effect, rule Iraq." And he said there's no exit strategy, it's against the United Nations, and it makes no sense. He said that in '91. It's not a joke. It's not a cakewalk like they said it was going to be. All it's doing is making more terrorists.

HUSTLER: On PunkVoter.com, you have guest columnists, one of whom, John Feldmann, from the band Goldfinger, says he was targeted by the FBI and the USA PATRIOT Act.

FAT MIKE: He threw an animal-rights protest, and his house got raided by the FBI. The PATRIOT Act gives the FBI the right to go through anyone's house and seize their computer and their information, and it was all because somebody spray-painted on someone's house. That's obviously not terrorism, but the PATRIOT Act is so vague that the FBI can do anything they want to now. That's what this administration is doing; they're taking apart the Constitution.

HUSTLER: Has the government ever tried to silence you?

FAT MIKE: No. I've gotten hundreds of bands to be part of this organization; so there are too many targets. The more people that get involved, the harder it is to single anybody out.

HUSTLER: Do you ever get any pro-Bush letters from your fans?

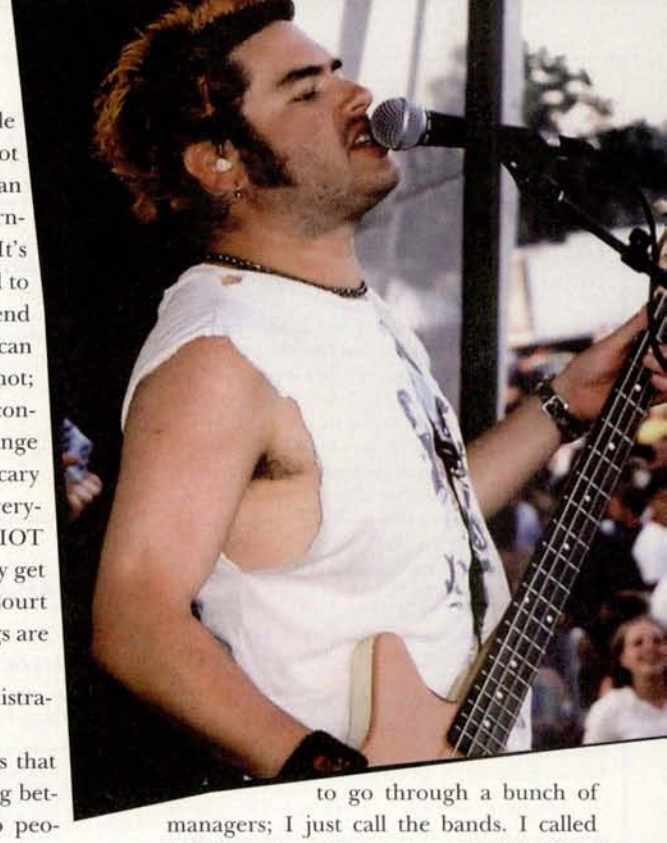
FAT MIKE: Not too many. People who love Bush are just not informed. There's a Republican point of view—smaller government—and I can respect that. It's funny, that's what it's supposed to stand for, but it doesn't really end up that way. It's a Republican administration, but they're not; they're radical. They're not conservative; they're trying to change this country, which is the scary part. They just took away everyone's privacy with the PATRIOT Act. The scariest thing is, if they get a couple more Supreme Court appointees in there, then things are really going to change.

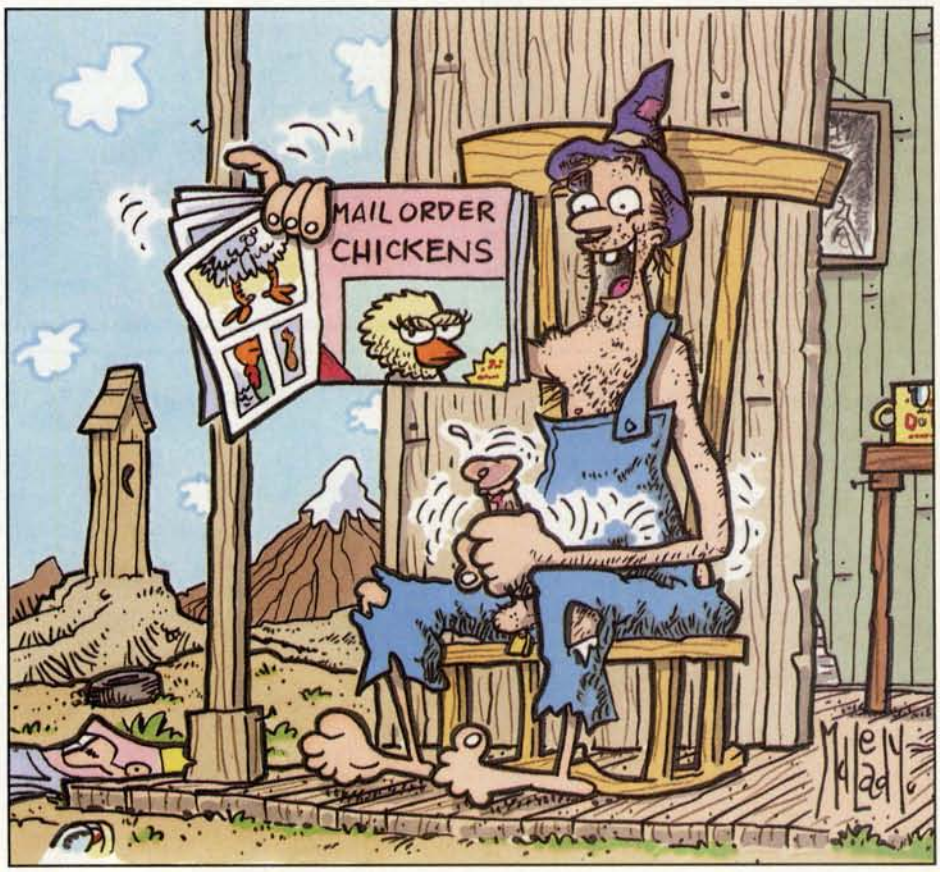
HUSTLER: Aren't horrible administrations good for punk rock?

FAT MIKE: There are two things that Bush is good for: We're getting better punk-rock songs, but also people—liberals and apathetic Americans—are really starting to organize and get off their asses and do something. Punk's always been political, but it's never been organized. That's why I felt it was my responsibility to do this, because I'm a perfect candidate to organize everybody. I don't have to go through a bunch of managers; I just call the bands. I called Billy Joe from Green Day. I said, "Hey, Billy. You gotta join with this." It was that easy.

HUSTLER: You're kind of the Bob Geldof of the Anti-Bush movement.

FAT MIKE: Well, I hope my band's better than the Boomtown Rats.





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"I'm just getting ready, Marsha. If Bush steals another election, I'll be joining the revolution."

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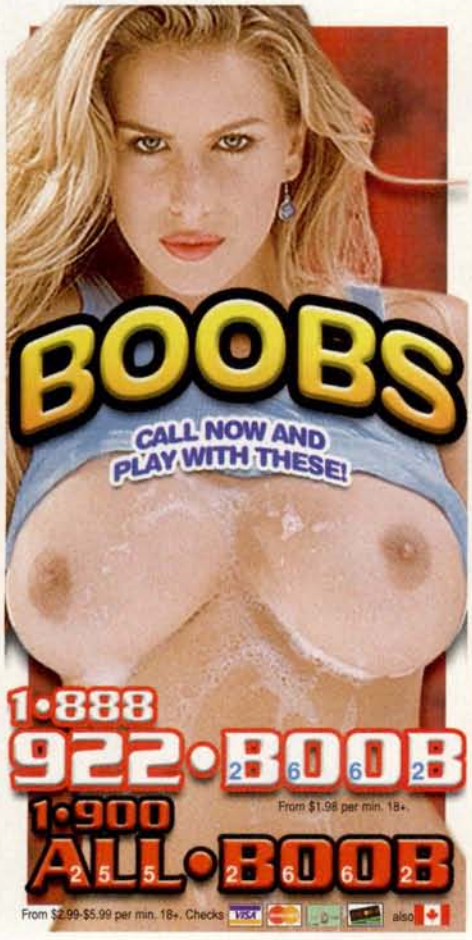
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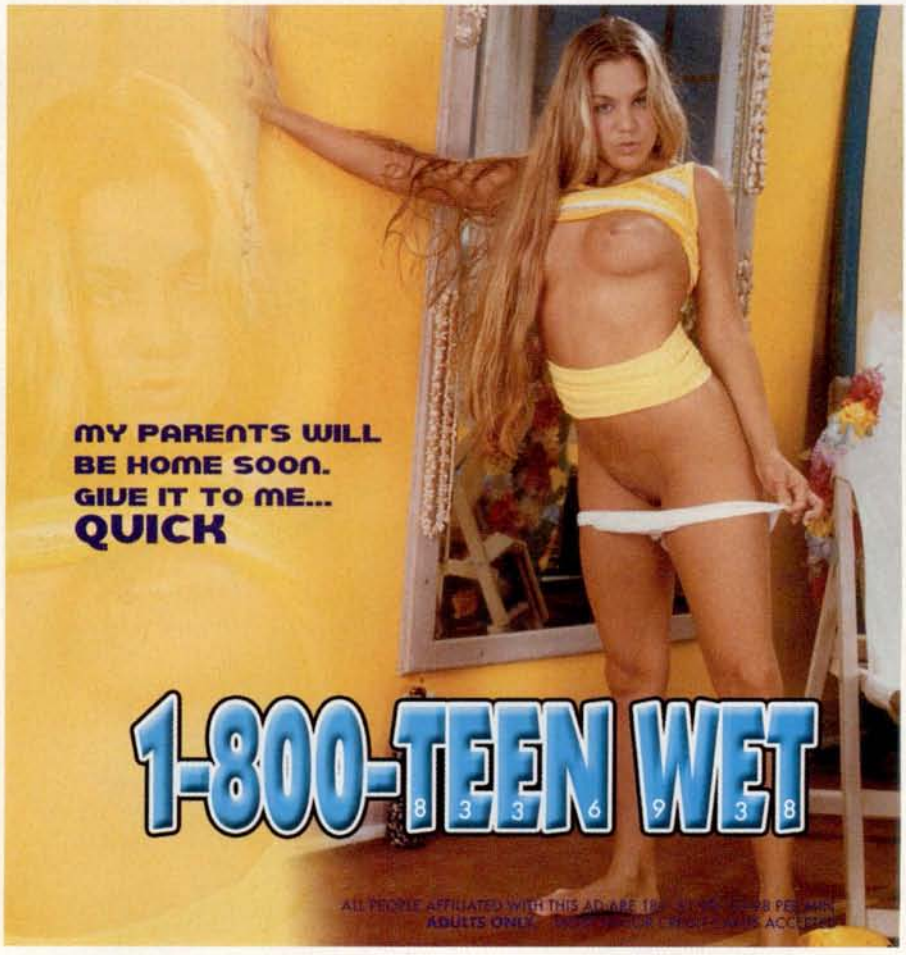
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HOLE HOG

My Harley-Davidson has been my constant companion since I retired from the fire department last year. Though I still feel young at age 54, I admit that the urge to ride free moves me a helluva lot more than the average cunt these days. Of course, I'm still on the lookout for an exceptional piece of ass. Alas, I rarely spot the kind of platinum poon I require.

So as I guided my 2001 Harley Softail down I-40 toward Albuquerque early one Sunday morning, I didn't have much on my mind except finding a hot meal and a place to void my bowels. Then, suddenly, a late-model Mustang GT ripped past me with music blaring, the horn screaming and a set of the most banging ass cheeks I'd ever seen hanging out of the open window. A blonde was driving; she looked about 26, and her super-sized boobs were barely held in by a skimpy red bikini top.

"Ride on, motorcycle stud!" she howled. I gave her a thumbs-up and craned to see what her friend—the one flashing her bare butt—looked like. Damn! When that bitch sat up, my eyes nearly popped from my head. She was a brunette like Jessica Alba, complete with pouty "fuck me" lips and luscious young hooters.

"Show me your tits, you sluts!" I called out. The blonde glanced at her friend and then at me. "Right—in your dreams!" the brunette laughed. Then they sped off.

The chicks were really cruising until a big piece of metal debris on the road ripped into the Mustang's passenger-side tire and blew it out. I narrowly dodged the detritus as the girls pulled off the road. I followed close behind.

As I moseyed over to their vehicle, I heard the brunette sob lightly as she examined the thrashed radial. "Damn it, Tina!" admonished the brassy blonde. "I told you we should have sprung for AAA."

I sensed that these helpless ladies were ripe for bartering.

"I can change your tire," I offered, "but you got me so worked up back there on the road, well...I was hoping maybe you could offer me some 'refreshment' in exchange." I brushed my hand across my crotch for emphasis. The girls broke into sly smiles.

Tina opened the car door. "Just get in the back," the raven-haired trollop snapped at me. "And Crystal—I'm gonna need you too." I had hit the mother lode—these two were total tramps!

It was crowded in that tiny backseat, so I put my arms around both of the ladies and brought them in close for a threeway smooch. "Y'know, we're strippers," Crystal whispered. "We do a lesbian act together."

"Shit," I snorted. "Let's see you two get it on!"

Crystal and Tina effortlessly slipped into dykes-for-hire mode, licking each other's necks and shoulders before removing their bikini tops. Suddenly I was in the middle of a veritable forest of bulging mammaries.

"Crystal only gets off when I do her clit," Tina admitted. "And I only get off when a guy crams his pole up my ass."

"Well, then—get down there and slick me up, bitch!" I growled, pushing her head to my crotch. Tina loosed my lap mallet and slurped it into her eager mouth. "*Mmm*," she hummed.

Meanwhile, I helped Crystal wriggle out of her short-shorts. I wasted no time sliding two of my digits into her steaming slot. Soon she was dripping slimy, hot pussy nectar all over my hand.

"Okay, your cock's wet now," Tina reported from down below. "Slip this monster into my shitter."

Crystal assisted me in removing Tina's moist underwear and lubed her delicate ass-pucker with spittle before guiding my hard-as-steel schlong into Tina's little brown starfish. It was like passing a hot knife through butter—I've never experienced a hotter, slicker hole.

While Tina diddled Crystal's love button, I pumped the brown-haired bitch's ass slowly. As she loosened up, I went at it faster. Soon, I was pounding the bejeezus out of her backdoor.

"I'm gonna fuckin' come!" I growled.

"Oh, gawd—so am I!" Tina yelped, her dirt chute contracting and clenching my spum-gun like a sweaty fist.

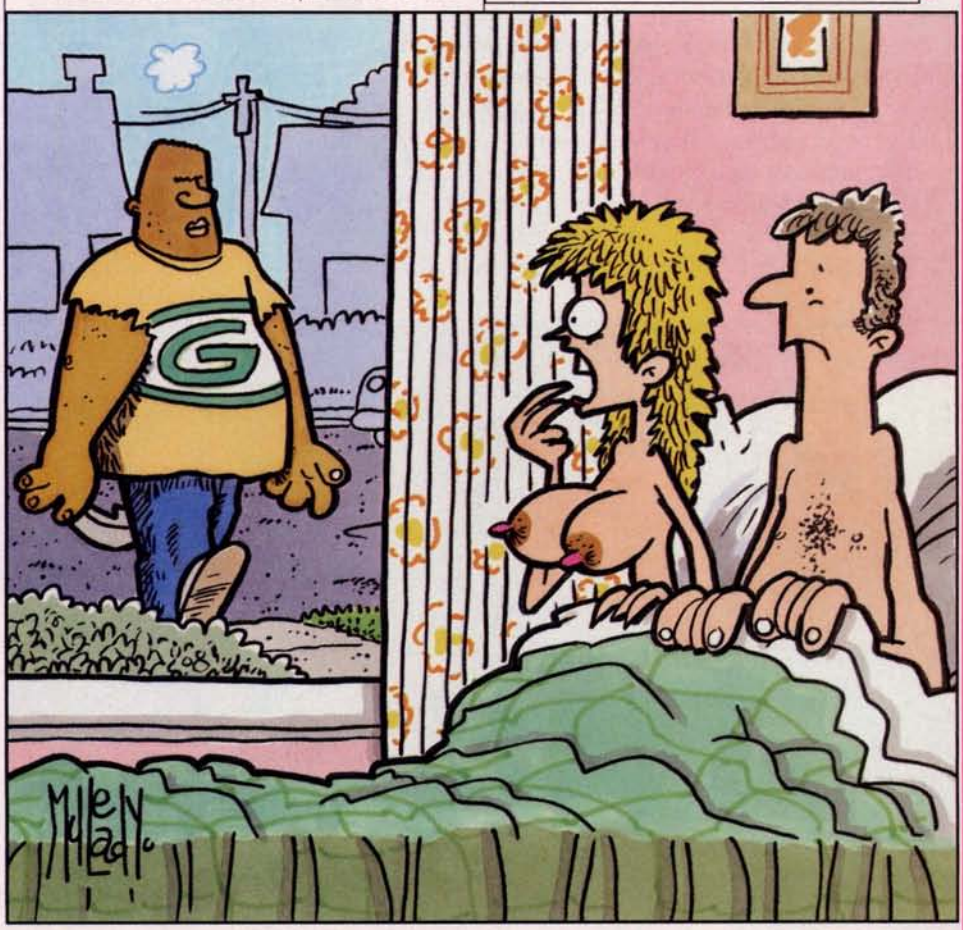
I grabbed Tina's tits and pulled her in tight, pumping about five shots of boiling manchowder deep into her quivering colon. Tina reacted by biting down on one of Crystal's nipples, which sent her lezzie gal pal right over the edge.

As soon as my cock ceased throbbing, I disengaged from Tina's worked-over sphincter. Crystal shocked the hell out of me when she buried her face between Tina's shit pillows and felched my cum from her girlfriend's crack, chugging my load down like a watery oyster.

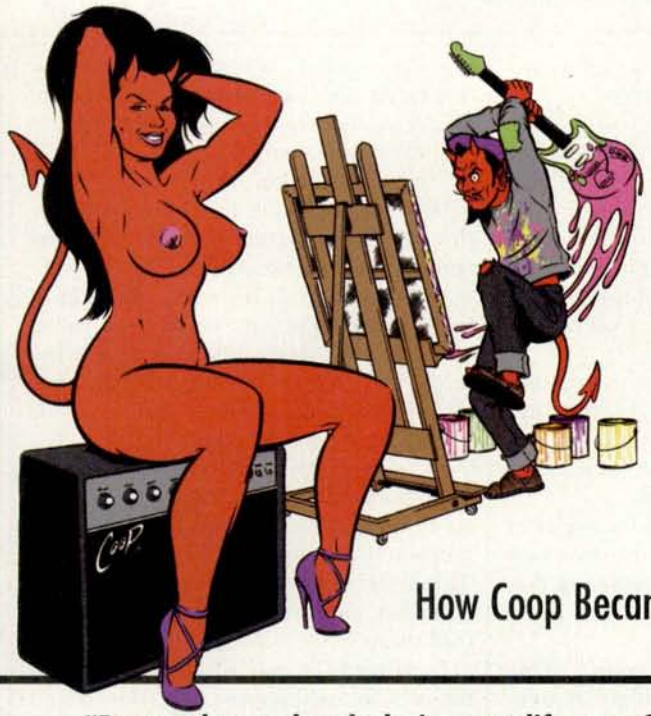
I changed the gals' tire lickety-split and my dick felt real happy. As I rode away I thought, *That's the reason "help thy neighbor" is such an important maxim to live by.*

—P. D.
Scottsdale, Arizona

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Omigod, it's my boyfriend! He'll kill you if he finds you here! I didn't tell him I had a husband."



COOP

A Portrait of the Artist as a Well-Adjusted Man

How Coop Became Wildly Successful Without Having to Live a Wild Life

Profile by **Jim Goad**

"Be regular and orderly in your life, so that you may be violent and original in your work."

—Flaubert

While you might not realize it, you've seen Coop's artwork almost everywhere. It's as prevalent as cell phones and lesbians are in Portland, Oregon, and that's mighty prevalent. There may come a time where Coop art will indeed be visible everywhere you turn. It's a cleanly drawn, brightly colored, psychobilly melange of demons, hot rods, monsters and big-boobed plumpers. Coop acknowledges a debt to old-school ink-slingers such as Robert Williams and Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, but he's managed to ingest their influences and excrete something all his own. *Juxtapoz* magazine says that Coop's name is "now more recognizable to modern youth than that of Rembrandt."

Raised in Oklahoma, Coop, now 35, moved to California in the late 1980s and made his initial mark as an album-cover artist for the Sympathy for the Record Industry label. By the mid-'90s, encouraged by famed indie-rock poster artist Frank Kozik, Coop had become the king of concert posters, creating memorable images for Nirvana, Ministry, Soundgarden, Green Day, Boss Hog, Pavement and more. He soon realized that art collectors would buy his work if it was rock-related or not, and he parlayed his poster success into an extremely

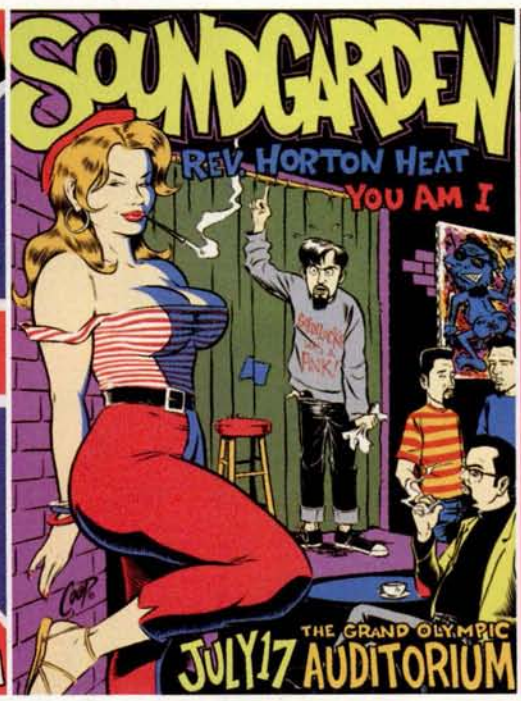
lucrative, multifaceted career.

Coop's a marketing genius, and today his imagery can be found on Zippo lighters, key chains, statues, model kits, calendars, shot glasses, coaster sets, shirts, patches, wallets, buckles, hats, skateboards and innumerable other items. His work has been exhibited from coast to coast and in Europe. His tattoo designs appear in all of the "alternative" tat parlors. He even crafted a typeface which is currently being used in a McDonald's ad campaign. He's done a poster for Altoids, and his Web site (www.CoopStuff.com) hints that he'll be doing more big-bucks ad work in the near future. He's probably a millionaire, but I'm afraid to ask. As a mutual friend put it, "I like hanging out with him at his house, but it makes me feel inferior."

Coop is easily the most successful—and least tortured—artist I've ever known.

"I'm doing very well these days," Coop (real name: Chris Cooper) warns me during our interview, "so I'm not going to have much piss and vinegar." It strikes me that I've never heard one story of real-life turmoil about him. I ask him why he thinks that is.

"I had a pretty good childhood," he answers in his aw-shucks, vaguely twangy accent. "I'm the only person I know who has a good relationship with his parents. I think part of that is due to the fact that my parents were the respective weirdos of their families. Mom came from a religious family, and Dad was from Oklahoma white trash. When they had kids, they didn't feel the need to be so brutal on them for wanting to read a book. I just get out all of my antisocial and perverted



impulses in my work; so in my real life, I guess, I'm just bereft of them. Oscar Wilde said that the worst artists have the most interesting lives, and vice versa."

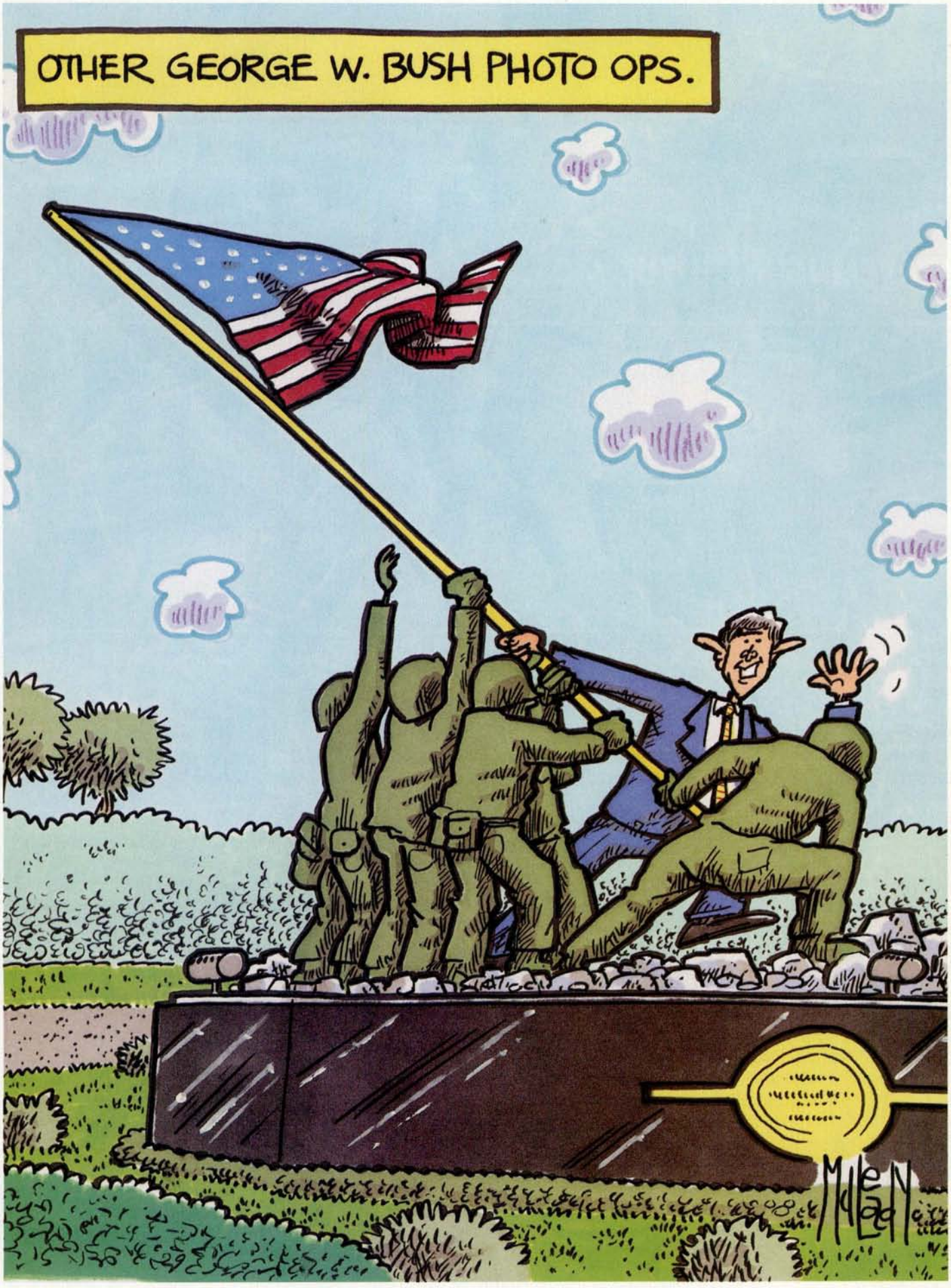
The untortured artist's female subjects also seem content, or at least well-fed. The women Coop draws are significantly more rotund than the gals you see here in HUSTLER. His preference for zaftig, Rubenesque female specimens is coupled with an oft-articulated disdain for the beanpole-shaped "Fashiontration Camp victims" that dominate modern advertising and pornography.

This full-figured focus is partly due to personal taste. Coop's wife, Ruth, is a big, brassy, buxom broad who dwarfs her diminutive hubby in an almost comical manner. Still, the artist sees deeper societal implications in his choice of body type.

"Generally speaking, the preferred female form was curvier throughout history," he says. "When you look at all these vintage hotties, like Jenny Lind, they're pretty dumpy by today's standards. Maybe this attraction for skinny women is some weird kind of postwar death cult that took hold in the '70s and hasn't gone away. Like *Playboy* from the '50s—round face, wholesome—that's the archetype I'm drawn to."

* * *

Jim Goad is the author of The Redneck Manifesto (Simon & Schuster, 1997) and Shit Magnet (Feral House, 2002). He also published the magazine ANSWER Me! in the early 1990s and currently hosts www.JimGoad.com.


OTHER GEORGE W. BUSH PHOTO OPS.
MALEN

30 Days Geni-tou

TRAVELING WITH THE MOST PERVERTED BAND IN AMERICA

Road Journal by Giddle Partridge

Photography by Matti Klatt

HUSTLER correspondent Giddle Partridge toured with the Genitorturers from October 12, 1996, to November 11, 1996, and lived to tell about it. This is her story.

I first learned of the Genitorturers when a friend lent me a copy of their 1993 album, *120 Days of Genitorture*. On the cover, the band's lead singer, Gen, a buff, blond vixen with one arm nearly covered in long, ribbonlike tattoos, was shown piercing her tongue with a long needle. The actual album featured intense heavy-metal music with Gen proclaiming, "I put the needle in you/I want you on your back." To me, she seemed larger than life and terrifying.

Not long after, by sheer coincidence, I was go-go dancing for a band that opened for the Genitorturers on a two-week mini-tour. At these shows, I witnessed young men being pissed on and having their scrotums tacked to plywood, and young women receiving onstage douches and enemas. During the song "Liar's Lair," Gen—inspired by the ultraviolence in *Clockwork Orange*—strapped a long rubber Pinocchio nose to her face, sang, "I smell the liar," and plunged her phallic mask into the pussy of an eager audience member.

On the final night of the tour, I joined the band onstage for the encore and happily urinated on the face of a young, male pee enthusiast.

A few weeks later, Gen called me and asked if I wanted to join her band and its S&M entourage for an upcoming tour. My duties would include selling band merchandise, such as PUSSY WORSHIP NOW T-shirts, and assisting Gen with the theatrical aspects of the shows. How could I resist?

* * *

October 12: I fly to Tampa, Florida, home of Gen and her bassist/husband, Evil D (formerly the frontman of death-metal pioneers Morbid Angel). I'm immediately put to work, hemming costumes and creating props as the band rehearses.

The following morning, in front of Gen's house, the tour bus is packed and everyone is ready to go. In total, there are 12 people along for the ride: four band members, two resident slaves, the tour manager, the driver, a lighting guy, a guitar tech, a drum tech and me.

Gen goes to kiss her dog good-bye and notices he has caught and nearly killed a baby squirrel. As it turns out, Gen is an actual registered nurse. (Her day job is removing corneas from recently deceased organ donors.) Gen cleans the poor creature's wounds with saline and places it in a makeshift incubator. We pile into the bus and take turns monitoring the squirrel. When my turn comes, it dies; so we bury the animal on the side of the road at a truck stop in North Carolina. Besides allowing Gen to help small mammals, her medical skills ensure that the various surgical props used for the stage antics are completely sterile.

October 15: We arrive in Washington, D.C., for our first gig. Suzanne "My name is Luka" Vega has just played an early show at the same club. Her fans—predominantly yuppie families—are horrified when the Genitorturers' audience pours in.

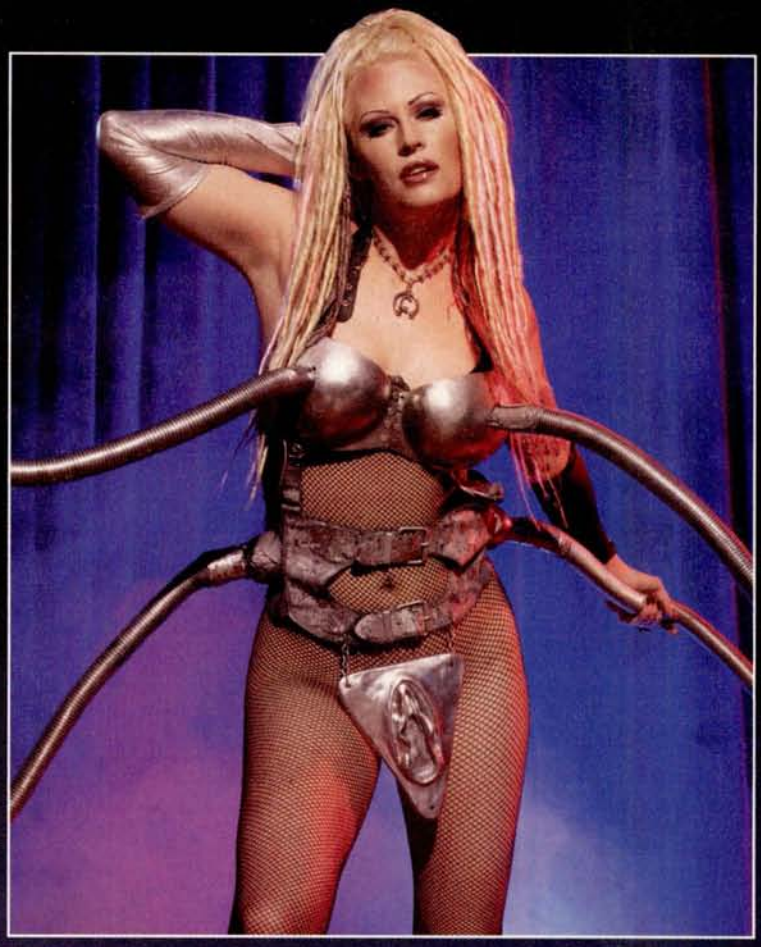
After setting up the merchandise booth and assembling the props and costumes backstage, it's my job to seek locals to serve as slaves for the night's performance. For many fans, being tortured in front of their hometown audience is a dream come true. I screen them to see what they are willing to do. "Are you into scrotal tacking?" I ask one gentleman. "Sure," he replies, obviously unaware that he is agreeing to have his nut sac nailed to a wooden board. I also find a volunteer for the spinning rack and a guy willing to let Gen brand the band's logo on his ass.

During the show, one of our willing victims, a Marilyn Manson clone, is freaking out with joy, screaming, "This is the best experience of my life!" Dressed in a red-and-white vinyl nurse costume, I shove a huge, plastic toy thermometer up his ass.

The band also has a couple of masochists who perform at every show: Kristen, a/k/a Little Miss Naughty, who dresses as a pervy schoolgirl, and Greg, who resembles a demented version of Jesus Christ. On stage, I beat Greg's ass to a bloody pulp, using an extremely sharp-spiked paddle. A couple of songs later, I'm wearing a red hooded cloak and lead Greg to a wooden cross by lashing his back with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Gen awaits us, kneeling before the gigantic crucifix in a black rubber corset. With sadistic penis envy, Gen straps on an enormous black dildo, spits into her vinyl-covered paw and strokes her rubber cock.

Gen then shoves a needle through the web of Greg's hand and into the cross. I take a hammer and pound the needle, securing the crucifixion. Next, Gen sews Greg's mouth shut with fishing wire and piercing needles. His blood drips down his neck and onto his chest. The

s of ring



strangest thing to me is watching Greg and Kristen fight every night over whose mouth Gen is going to stitch shut onstage. "You did it last night," Kristen argues, as if being sutured is akin to getting to hold the remote control.

October 19: In Albany, New York, Gen and I go to my grandmother's house to use her shower. We tell her that we can't stay for dinner because we're performing that evening. She looks at us understandingly and asks if we need to put on our gowns for the show. I decline to inform her that our stage dress consists of corsets and strap-ons.

Each show is different, depending on the size of the venue and whether the shows are all-ages or 21-and-over. The club in Albany is so small, it's like playing in a bathroom. We try to cram all of the props onstage anyway, and Gen gets smacked in the face with the spinning rack.

November 2: The band's drummer, H. D. Hamms (he has since left the band), is beyond obsessed with the artist formerly, and now once again, known as Prince. He spends his time in the back of the bus, watching Prince videos and *Purple Rain* over and over. The day finally comes; we arrive in Minneapolis to perform at First Avenue, the actual club where Prince filmed *Purple Rain*. At one point in the movie, Prince runs down the back staircase into the alley, as he twirls his coat. I witness H. D. dramatically reenact this scene five times.

November 3: Before a show, Gen hands me and Kristen a shopping list; we need to stock up on enemas, douches and absurd amounts of K-Y Jelly. I don't even like buying tampons, much less these items, but it's hilarious watching the face of the Walgreens cashier as two girls, hungover with make-up smeared on their faces, walk through the check-out line holding numerous boxes of Massengill douches and Fleet enemas.

During each show, Kristen wears a micro-mini-version of a schoolgirl uniform, and Gen lures her onto the stage with a lollipop. Kristen rips off her pleated skirt to reveal a G-string, which Gen pulls aside so she can insert a lollipop into her pussy. Gen pulls out the treat, smells it and tosses it into the hungry crowd. Gen and I then attach clothespins to Kristen's nipples and labia. Gen douches the naughty schoolgirl and lets her holy pussy water drip into a chalice, with which Gen baptizes the audience.

I extinguish candles on Kristen's tits and stomach, slamming them down hard into her flesh. Unfortunately, the candles leave grotesque welts on her alabaster skin. Even so, Kristen becomes totally aroused from all the abuse she receives. "Did you come onstage?" Gen asks Kristen after one show, wondering if she needs assistance getting off. Kristen tells Gen that she's okay, because she already climaxed onstage.

I look over and notice our toothless hillbilly bus driver eavesdropping on our conversation. Since he drives us all night long, he sleeps during our concerts and has no idea what the performances are like.

November 7: During one show in Texas, Gen notices two cops standing at the side of the stage. She motions for us to put our street clothes on and get the hell out of there. I drag Greg off the stage; he's in a rubber G-string and has needles pierced through his chest. Kristen is wearing nothing but pigtails in her hair and clothespins clamped to her nipples. We run out the back, jump on the bus, change clothes and go back to find Gen chatting and laughing with the cops.

November 8: Before our sound check in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I catch Gen and Evil D fucking in the back of the tour bus with the curtains open. A few fans are already there, hoping to meet the band; so they receive a special treat watching Gen getting fucked for a change.

Coda: These are merely a few of the highlights of my adventures with the Genitorturers. I'm no longer with the band, but they're still playing all of the time with new performers. Go check them out, and if anyone asks you if you're into scrotal tacking, don't be a wimp. Say, "Hell, yeah!"

* * *

Giddle Partridge is a writer and photographer who has contributed to HUSTLER, TABOO, Seconds magazine, VH1, and the book Bubblegum Music is the Naked Truth, and has appeared on MTV's True Life, TBN's In the Name of Satan and the BBC's Hollywood Religions.

Martin

PESANCE

PORTIA SURREAL

SPINNING DISCS AND FLASHING TITS

Besides her breasts, there's not much else that topless disc jockey Portia Surreal is willing to bare. But then, who doesn't love a hot chick who keeps her top open and her mouth shut?

Photos by Sebastian Satellite

New York City DJ Portia Surreal has created a niche for herself on the international club circuit by combining her record-spinning skills and the God-given talent that resides pendulously between her neck and her navel. The exhibitionistic DJ works her turntables while dance-club patrons ogle her free-range, considerably endowed breasts. At the Pimp N Ho Ball in 2003, Portia performed her kinky act in front of 7,000 revelers inside the San Diego Sports Arena.

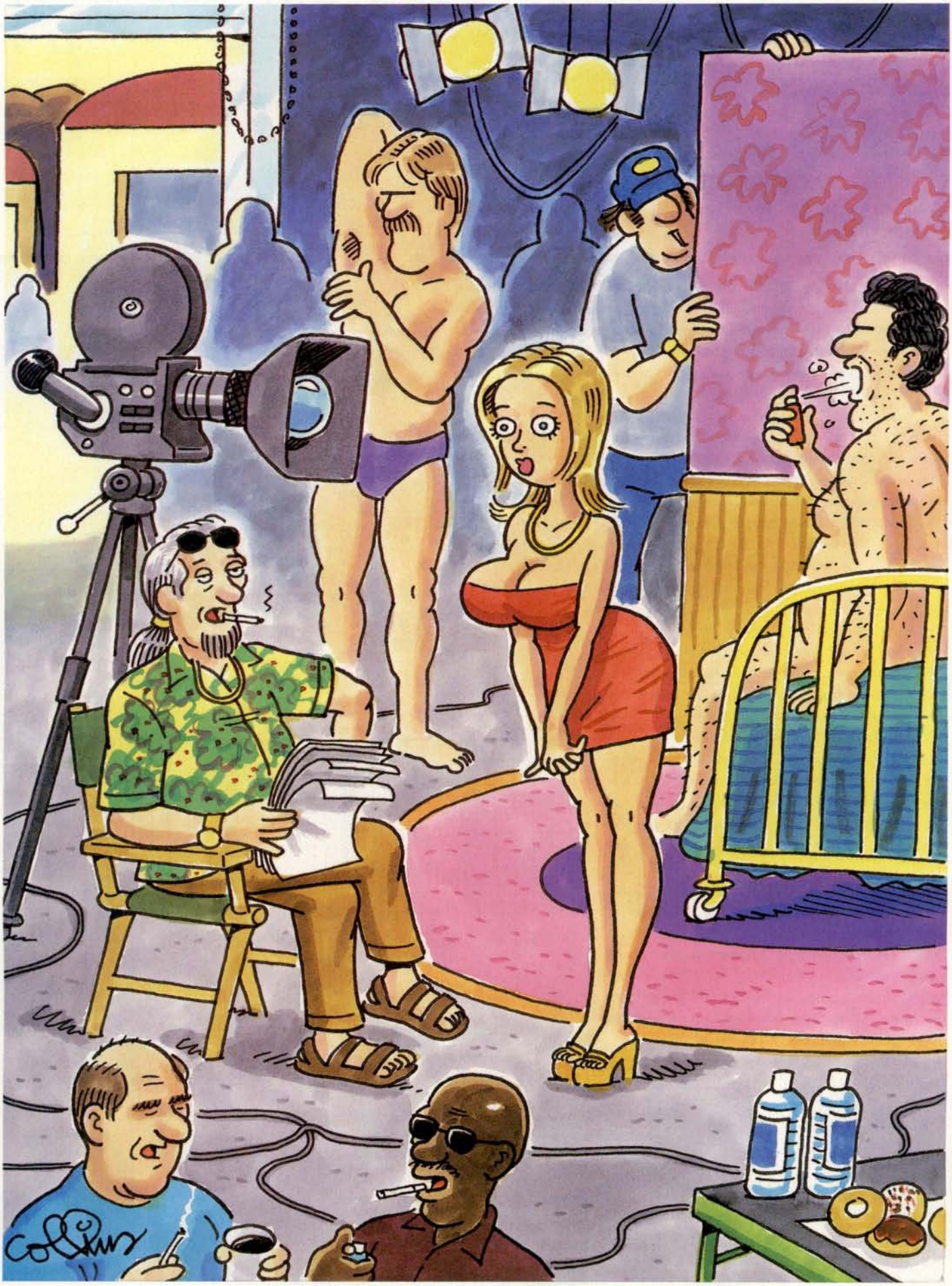
Given her proclivity for exposing herself, Surreal proved remarkably taciturn on almost all other matters during her interview with HUSTLER. The statuesque Portia does reveal that she's been modeling since she was seven years old. ("I modeled more than I went to school," she offers.) And while Portia won't show pink, she claims to have posed nude for men's magazines in the past. Which ones? She won't say. In fact, there's much about Ms. Surreal that she wishes not to divulge: her age, her place of birth, her ethnic background, even how long she's been a DJ. "Those [facts] are all meaningless," Portia claims. "They don't say or do anything for anybody." Her height and bra size are pretty much the only two statistical tidbits she's willing to disclose. (She's 5-8 and wears either a 34-D or a 36-B brassiere, depending on how much cleavage she desires.)

What *does* Portia want people to know about her? "I love music. I love DJing, and it's very important to me. I take it very seriously, and erotica is just as important to me. I consider them to be one and the same thing, and a lot of people don't comprehend that. A lot of people only see things from one angle, and I've combined the two."

The erotic element of Portia's shows goes beyond mere toplessness and into the realm of playful sadomasochism. "I have a lot of little toys. I bring people up onstage, tie them up and spank them. Then I spin some more. I play with handcuffs, whips and ticklers and tease the crowd. I give people spankings and punish people, and let people punish me when I'm bad."

Portia takes her S&M antics into the bedroom as well, with her personal trainer/boyfriend. "We role-play, but I prefer for him to be the dom because he's so good at it. People have a real tendency to put me in the dom position. They want me to control them."

One fan even offered Portia $10,000 to go on a date with him, which she turned down. "I wouldn't have been able to have any integrity," she explains. And that, of course, won't do for a topless, whip-wielding DJ of her stature.



"Actually, the nude scene is very essential to the film, seeing as how it's a porn flick!"

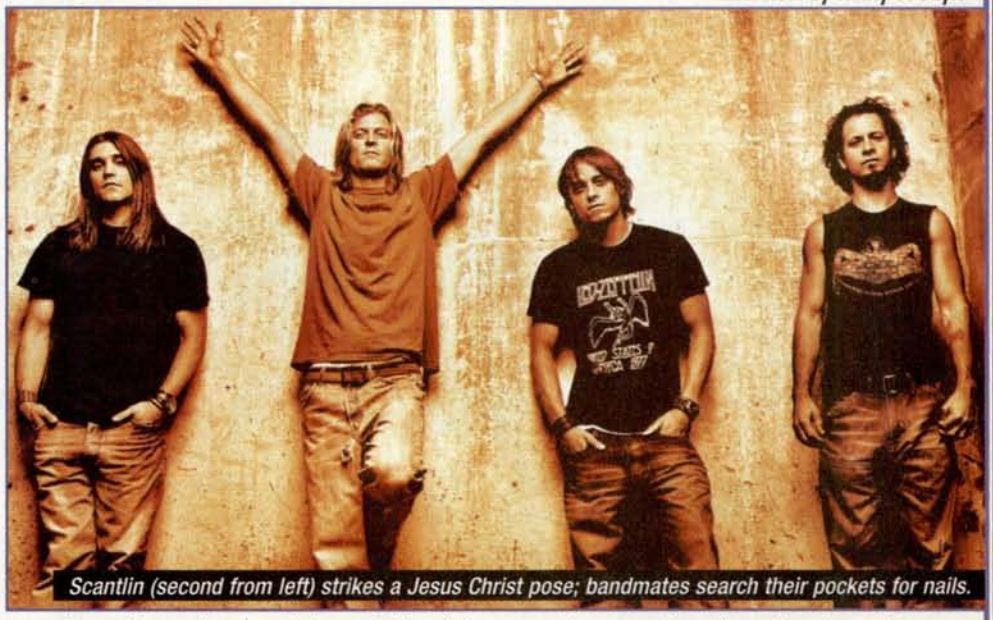
PUDDLE OF MUDD

At the 1999 Family Values Tour, Puddle of Mudd founder Wesley Scantlin worked his way backstage and passed his demo tape to a security guard, who actually gave it to Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst. The one-in-a-million gamble paid off. Impressed with what he heard, Durst contacted the band and offered to sign them to his label, Flawless. There was only one problem: The group had broken up. Even this opportunity couldn't bring them back together, but Durst's faith in the music was so strong that he flew Scantlin from Kansas City, Missouri, to Los Angeles anyway.

The days of slaving away at construction sites and restaurants were about to become ancient history for Wes. He had his songs, but no one to play them with. Scantlin recruited guitarist Paul Phillips from Jacksonville, Florida; drummer Greg Upchurch from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; and bass player Doug Ardito from Bedford, Massachusetts.

Many miles were logged on the road as the reconstituted Puddle of Mudd toured with the Deftones, Staind and Godsmack. The group's strong stage presence generated legions of new fans and created an enormous buzz. Accordingly, Puddle of Mudd's debut album, *Come Clean*, sold more than 5 million copies and generated four hit singles: "Blurry," "Control," "Drift And Die" and "She Hates Me," with the midtempo, ethereal "Blurry" being 2002's most-played track on modern-rock radio. The band has since applied their no-nonsense approach to their new album, *Life on Display*. Vocalist/guitarist Scantlin opens up about all things Muddy.

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle



Scantlin (second from left) strikes a Jesus Christ pose; bandmates search their pockets for nails.

HUSTLER: How did Puddle of Mudd get started?

SCANTLIN: I'm from Kansas City, Missouri. That's where I got signed, and I was whisked away to California. I went through a lot of little things. I had to play guitar for bigwigs up at the record company there, and fortunately, I made it through the walk of doom. That's what I call it, but it was a good walk of doom. I got a record deal and had to try and find some musicians in Crazy Land. That's where a lot of musicians end up going in their lives when they're at the end of their rope. They haven't made it out of their own hometown; so they pack up and go to Los Angeles—a melting pot of artists and musicians and actors/actresses. There are all kinds of people trying to break into the entertainment industry.

HUSTLER: How did your future bandmates find you?

SCANTLIN: They didn't find me. I hunted them down, sort of. I was a man on a mission. I went to this show that I didn't necessarily want to go to, had a tape that I didn't necessarily want to give to anyone, but I gave it away just one last time, and I was ready to give up. I was totally giving up being in Puddle of Mudd, because I started this thing in 1992, and it had gone on for years and years, and finally I was like, "Damn, I'm not making any money. I got to get another job so I can take care of my kid." It's kind of funny how life works. You give up the thing that you wanted to do your whole life, and you just say, "Hey, I'm done. Thank you so much for all the fun. But I'm not making any money, and I got to get a real job finally." Then someone upstairs goes, "Hey, the fun has just begun."

HUSTLER: What inspired the material on your latest album?

SCANTLIN: It's just a montage of crazy songs that are all about emotions I go through during different relationships and friendships in my life. It's all about desperation and also insecurity, and a lot of passion. There's love in there. There's hate in there. There's seduction. Everybody has been burned in life, and I tend to write about those things because they happen to me quite often, and it seems to relate to people. I also have a lot of emotional stuff about missing my loved ones and missing my son, and missing someone that I'm with because I'm always on the road, or I'm not in Kansas City anymore, where all my family is. I'm just trying to write about emotions that everybody goes through.

HUSTLER: How has your music evolved?

SCANTLIN: I think I've grown as a musician, and everyone in this band has grown as better players. We're understanding music more every day. I think that I might be clearly more melodic than I used to be. I really like melody in songs, and it gives people something to hum along to all day or get stuck in their brain. I kind of go by this rule: If it's not a haunting melody, and it doesn't make my skin crawl, then it's probably not going to touch anyone else. I'm trying to make the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, like this little galvanic meter button. I guess that's the technical term for when you hear something you really like. It's called galvanic skin response. It's like when you're having sex and you [reach] orgasm, your skin gets tight.

HUSTLER: Does that happen to you onstage?

SCANTLIN: I don't have orgasms onstage, no.

HUSTLER: That would be messy.

SCANTLIN: Only just after.

HUSTLER: Do you ever get panties, bras, keys to hotel rooms or other weird offers?

SCANTLIN: I get things thrown at me while I'm playing, and most of the time, my guitar player, Paul Phillips, will pick them up and put them on my mic stand. Sometimes those bras are dirty-looking. I don't collect them or anything, but it's kind of funny when you get girls' panties up onstage.

HUSTLER: What is the craziest thing a groupie has ever done to meet you?

SCANTLIN: There was one—I don't know if you would call it a groupie—who somehow got to talking to my mom on the Internet. I don't know how it happened. My mom is a very proud mother. I got home after being on the road for about a year, and I went back to see my parents at their house. This fan had finagled her way into my family's life somehow. Right in the living room when I got home, I was walking in the door with my bags, and this girl jumped in my arms, and my mom was like, "Hey, Wes, meet this person." And I'm like, "Hey, what are you doing in my house where I grew up? You're not supposed to be here."

HUSTLER: Was she a stalker?

SCANTLIN: She wasn't a stalker. She was just a really crazy fan. There's nothing wrong with her. She's okay, but that's my private, personal, sacred place where I grew up, and I don't want people to go there.

NEWS

Jack White's wardrobe allegedly received an extra splash of red on December 13 at the Magic Stick club in Detroit. According to reports, the White Stripes frontman got into an alleged brawl with Jason Stollsteimer, lead singer of neo-garage band the Von Bondies. (White produced the group's 2001 album, *Lack of Communication*.) At press time, details of the scuffle were scarce, but photos released to the *Detroit Free Press* by Stollsteimer's agent show that the warbler took a thorough walloping from *somebody*. It's nice to know that White's hand injury, which forced the Stripes to cancel several tour dates following an auto accident last year, has apparently healed.

R&B diva Lauryn Hill was recently lauded by infamous cloning cult the Raëlian Movement after she publicly criticized the Roman Catholic Church for its corruption and abuse of children. The former Fugees songbird was nominated as an honorary guide to the Movement by none other than Raël himself. No word on whether Hill will join the Movement at their Quebec, Canada, compound, or even whether she's aware of the "honor."

Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards wasn't quite celebratory over bandmate Mick Jagger's December 12 knighthood by Queen Elizabeth. In a scathing interview with British music magazine *Uncut*, the wizened ax-slinger hissed, "I don't want to step out onstage with someone wearing a coronet and sporting the old ermine. I told Mick it's a paltry honor...It's not what the Stones is about, is it?" Of course not; as everyone knows, the Stones are about desecrating a classic song catalog and securing corporate tour sponsors.

Primarily gay porn vet Jeff Stryker may have himself a hit with his insanely catchy country song, "Pop You in the Pooper," an ode to fucking straight guys in the ass. Unfortunately, the lyrics don't exactly cater to the mullets-and-pickups set: "You say you're straight, well that's great/But you oughtta try something new/'Cause you've got a spot in a place that's hot/And it likes to be tickled too/I've got a wad to drop on your loading dock/'Deliveries in the rear'/So buddy, let's play while the wife's away/Let me get you another beer." Perhaps he'll cover "A Boy Named Sue" next?

REVIEWS

Error
self-titled
Epitaph

Bad Religion honcho Brett Gurewitz ditches his punk fogy persona and gets down with a couple of buddies on some of that electronic music that the kids are always raving about. The result is a gratifyingly abrasive melange of seizure-inducing beats, burbles and bleeps, topped by nihilistic lyrics that bear none of Bad Religion's nagging idealism. Highlights include a revamped version of 999's punk classic "Homicide." Guaranteed to raise your pulse and break your lease.

Westside Connection
Terrorist Threats
(Priority Records)

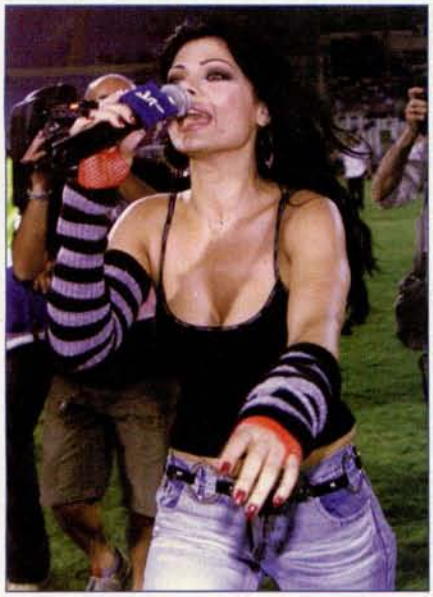
West Coast rap is back with *Terrorist Threats*, the sophomore album from Westside Connection—Ice Cube, W.C. and Mack 10. Riddled with Taliban references (W.C. quips, "I ain't from the Taliban/I'm from the Niggaban") and al Qaeda jokes, the rap super-trio's new record is best described as "subversively gangsta." Synthesized melodies, funky, deep bass lines and minimalist, hard-thumping beats bring back the early-'90s West Coast sound. And with rap legend Nate Dogg crooning his soul-filled lyrics on a couple of tracks, ghetto anthems abound on this instant hip-hop classic.

Mayor of the Sunset Strip

Time was, DJs could play the music they liked, corporate consequences be damned. Those days are alive, at least on Sunday nights in L.A. during *Rodney on the Roq* on KROQ. "Rodney" is Rodney Bingenheimer (pictured at right consorting with Blondie's Debbie Harry), the subject of George Hickenlooper's *Mayor of the Sunset Strip*. Bingenheimer has regularly given artists—Hole, Oasis, Coldplay and No Doubt—their first taste of big-time radio play. Cher, David Bowie and Brooke Shields are but a few of the celebs who extol the virtues of the pop-radio kingmaker. The movie's best material, however, is the archival footage of Rodney who, like a rock 'n' roll Forrest Gump, is everywhere: in a pre-MTV Mamas and Papas video, playing guitar with Blondie and on *The Monkees*. Turn around real quick, and you'll probably catch him looking over your shoulder right now.

GRATUITOUS COOZE

Model-turned-singer Haifa Wehbe's debut album is titled *Howa el-Zaman*. We don't know what that means, or what the album sounds like, and we don't care. According to her bio, Wehbe "adores the sea, sun and nature in general." She's also Lebanese. Cool—she's into chicks!



GUESS THE DRUMMER

This month's band:

The Star Spangles!

(answer below)

Answer to Guess the Drummer:

Nope, it's not the guy in the white jacket. The Star Spangles's skin-slapper is polka-dotted pool-ball Joey Valentine, second from left. The band's debut album, *Bazooka!!!*, is available on Capitol Records.

Rock 'n' Roll Spotlight

The Crown

The Crown are from Sweden, and like their Scandinavian rock forebears, Abba and Ace of Base, they specialize in pure, unadulterated death metal. (For reference, listen carefully to Abba's "Fernando.") For 13 years, The Crown has rocked hard and very darkly, and to celebrate, they've released a new album, *Possessed 13* (Metal Blade). The song titles—"Face of Destruction/Deep Hit of Death," "Are You Morbid?" "Kill 'Em All" and "Zombified!"—show that The Crown don't fuck around. *Possessed 13* comes in either a standard or deluxe edition (the latter of which contains a bonus CD with 13 more tracks); both versions feature the same blood-stained cover photo of a woman clad only in a skimpy robe and panties, clutching a tombstone.

Since 1990, the band has been one of the strongest exponents of the death-metal scene and sound, pummeling head-banging audiences worldwide with relentless riffs and hard thrash. Longtime vocalist Johan Lindstrand returned to the band for *Possessed 13* after a yearlong hiatus, and the reunited original lineup has served The Crown well.

What does The Crown think of HUSTLER? "I don't know if that magazine is so famous here in Sweden," says Lindstrand, "but I've seen the movie [*The People vs. Larry Flynt*], and it's cool; it's really good. Metal and chicks go together. It's cool to mix these things into one magazine."

Genuflect before The Crown at www.TheCrownOnline.com.

Avenged Sevenfold

With song titles steeped in biblical imagery, Avenged Sevenfold (A7X to their friends) blasts its clarion call of punk, metal and melodic rock on their second release, *Waking the Fallen* (Warner Bros.). Though they hail from Orange County, California, the band transcends the hard, loud, fast, mall-punk missives their local colleagues are famous for. The two-part epic, "I Won't See You Tonight," clocks in at a meaty 14 minutes, and the band explores many musical styles throughout the album. "By listening to just one song, you might not get the idea of the band, because we're so all over the place," explains vocalist M. Shadows. "All the time, we're trying to do different things in different songs."

Like Shadows, the rest of A7X sport similarly dark noms-de-rock: Zacky Vengeance (guitar), Synyster Gates (lead guitar), the Reverend (drums) and Johnny Christ (bass). The band name itself originates from the story of Cain and Abel. ("Whoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.")

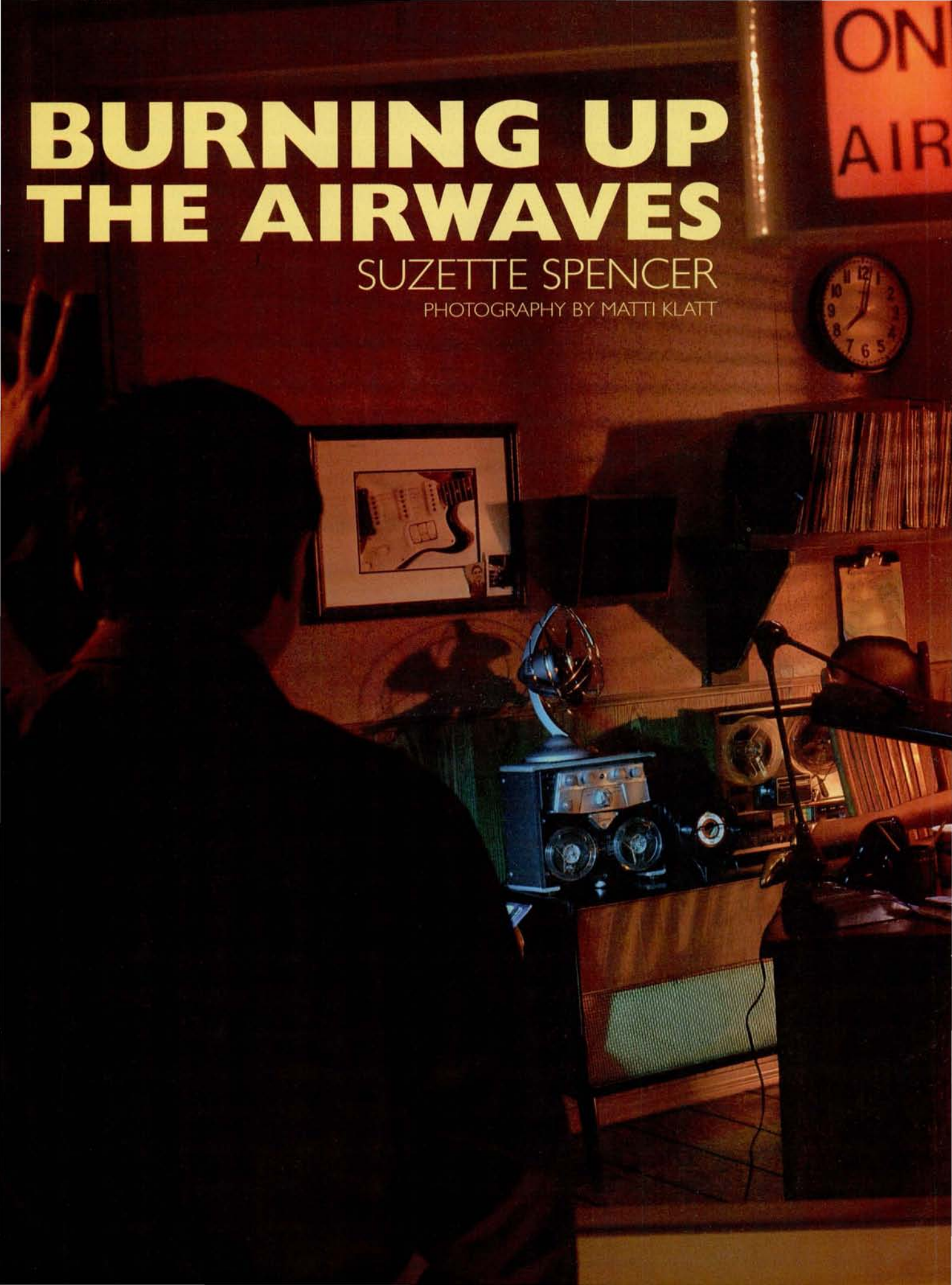
A7X does not, however, ascribe to the Puritan work ethic or Puritan values. "We're definitely a little more out of control than your normal band," says Shadows. "We get in a lot of trouble, and we have a lot of fun—meet girls. We're kind of a sleazy band, I guess." From the pages of the Old Testament to the pages of HUSTLER, Avenged Sevenfold has made the transition smoothly but not quietly.

Payback's a bitch at www.AvengedSevenfold.com.

BURNING UP THE AIRWAVES

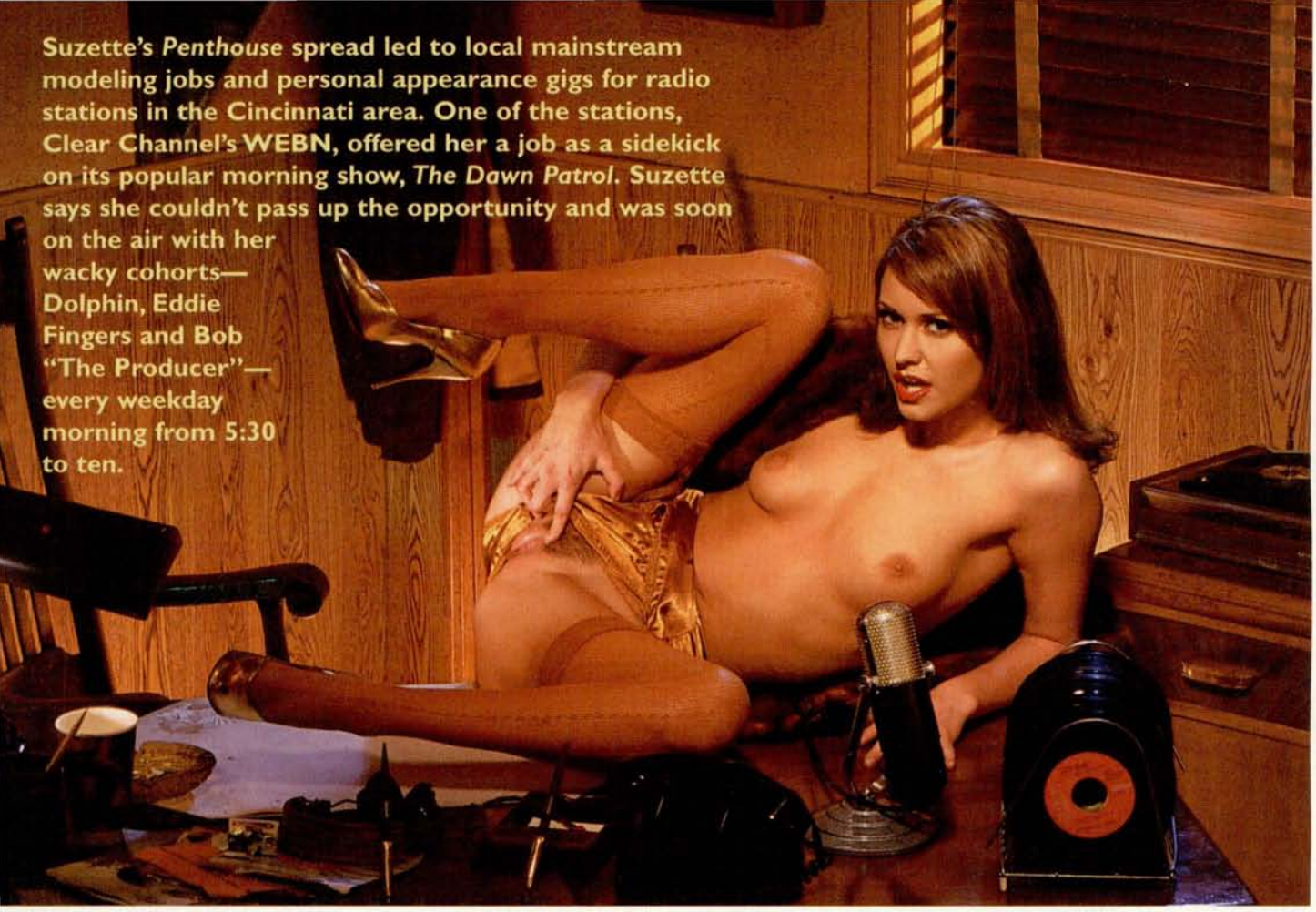
SUZETTE SPENCER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Born in uptight Cincinnati, Suzette Spencer has lived a life full of twists and turns. First, she secretly worked as a topless dancer to pay her way through the University of Dayton, which she describes as a "very conservative college." While taking it off at the titty bar, the savvy stripper made an important connection. "I met someone who knew a photographer who shot for *Penthouse*," she winks. It wasn't long before the English major spread her legs for the skin mag and became the December 2000 *Penthouse* Pet of the Month.

Suzette's *Penthouse* spread led to local mainstream modeling jobs and personal appearance gigs for radio stations in the Cincinnati area. One of the stations, Clear Channel's WEBN, offered her a job as a sidekick on its popular morning show, *The Dawn Patrol*. Suzette says she couldn't pass up the opportunity and was soon on the air with her wacky cohorts—Dolphin, Eddie Fingers and Bob "The Producer"—every weekday morning from 5:30 to ten.



"We're known for being the cutting-edge crazy radio station in the area. Every year, we do a pregnant-chick bikini contest. We hold it at Hooters. The girls have to be at least six months pregnant," she laughs. The chestnut-haired radio personality doesn't mind being the only chick among her male cohosts: "They talk about women. I do too. I talk about liking chicks and weird fetishes. My mom thinks I'm insane. She asked me the other day if I was a lesbian. I'd say I'm bi-curious." Suzette admits she had a couple of experiences with girls back in college and confides, "I often get crushes on girls. I talk a tough game, but when it comes down to it, I'm really shy around girls."

Come play with my knobs!
xxxooo,
Suzette

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As for future plans, Suzette says, "I would love to have a long career in radio. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me. But I definitely want to get a law degree because it's been my goal since I was a kid." Suzette says she aspires to be like her hero, First Amendment attorney H. Louis Sirkin. "I have followed his cases. He was a friend of my father's for a long time. He is someone I look up to." She also has kudos for one of Sirkin's clients, HUSTLER Magazine. "It's a great magazine. It is a little more explicit than some of the other magazines, but I kinda like that."

HUSTLER

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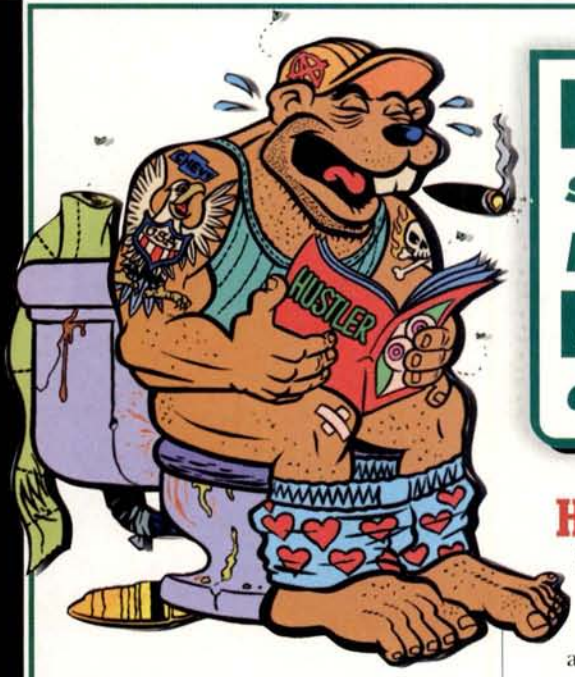

Question: What does a stripper do with her asshole before work?

Answer: She drops him off at band practice.

Two dwarfs went into a bar where they picked up a couple of prostitutes and took them to their separate hotel rooms.

The first dwarf, however, was unable to get an erection. His depression was made worse by the fact that, from the next room, he heard his little friend shouting out cries of, "Here I come again. One, two, three...*Uuh!*" all night long.

In the morning, the second dwarf asked the first, "How did it go?"

The first dwarf muttered, "It was so embarrassing. I simply couldn't get an erection."

The second dwarf shook his head and said, "You think that's embarrassing? I couldn't even get on the bed."

Question: What's the difference between a woman and a grocery cart?

Answer: A grocery cart has a mind of its own.

A man went into a repair shop to get his watch fixed. When he saw that the girl running the store was extremely hot, he unzipped his pants and laid his johnson on the counter.

"Sir, what are you doing? This is a clock shop!" the girl shouted.

"I know," the man replied. "I'd like you to put a pair of hands and a face on it."

How can you tell if you're screwing a nurse, a teacher or a stewardess?

A nurse says, "This won't hurt a bit."

A teacher says, "We're going to have to keep doing this until we get it right."

A stewardess says, "Now just hold this over your mouth and nose, and breathe normally."

An antisex crusader said to a hooker, "What would your mother say if she saw you doing this?"

The streetwalker replied, "She'd kill me; I'm on her corner."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *rottweiler* as: homeland security.

Two guys had been drinking in a bar all afternoon when one turned to the other and said, "I'll never forget the day I turned to the bottle after my wife left me."

"What happened?" the other guy asked.

"I got my dick stuck in it," the first guy answered.

John, the shop steward, was at a convention in Las Vegas and decided to check out the local brothels.

When he got to the first one, he asked the madam, "Is this a union house?"

"No, I'm sorry, it isn't," the madam replied.

"Well, if I pay you $100, what cut does the girl get?" John asked.

"The house gets $80 and the girl gets $20," the madam explained.

Mightily offended at such unfair dealings, John stomped off down the street in search of a more equitable shop. His search continued until he found a brothel where the madam said, "Why, yes, this is a union house."

"And if I pay you $100," John asked, "what cut does the girl get?"

"The girl gets $80 and the house gets $20," she replied.

"That's more like it," said John.

He looked around the room and pointed to a stunningly attractive redhead.

"I would like her for the night," John said.

"I'm sure you would sir," said the madam, gesturing to a fat, 50-year-old woman in the corner, "but Ethel here has seniority."

An old man was driving down the highway when a motorcycle cop pulled him over.

"Was I speeding, officer?" the geezer asked.

"No, sir, you weren't," the cop answered.

"Then why did you stop me?" the old man appealed.

"Because your wife fell out of your car a few miles back," the officer informed him.

"Thank God," the geriatric motorist exhaled. "I thought I was going deaf."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"First, we lose slavery, then females get the vote, and now homosexuals can get married! What's this country coming to?!"

Rachael, 31, is an antiques dealer from Tonawanda, New York. Her hobbies include swimming and "having sex at least three times a day." Rachael's fantasy is "to have sex with another woman while my husband watches."

—Photo by Husband

Armani, 26, is a fan of shopping, dancing and, presumably, water sports. The blond, Detroit-based beauty lists her fantasies as "bondage involving hot wax and having sex in the shower."

—Photo by Friend

A CAD operator from Dayton, Ohio, Britney has a fondness for "drawing, running and satisfying my husband sexually." The 26-year-old neglected to list her sexual fantasy, but it must be an embarrassing one, considering her elaborate disguise.

—Photo by Husband

Ruby, 34, is a secretary from Franklin, Georgia. The toy-toting hussy loves "dancing, strip clubs, reading and teasing men." Her ideal fuck is "to make love to my husband with another woman and sexually dominate him."

—Photo by Husband

Say hello to Kim, a 23-year-old from Coral Springs, Florida, whose favorite pastimes include "weight training and playing sports." Kim yearns to "have sex with my geology teacher in the teacher's planning office."

—Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
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Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a few clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets $350 and a chance at the 2004 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is $500, and the Finalists' photographers win $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WIN $350

Devine, 21, hails from Killeen, Texas. The redheaded dirty dancer's hobbies include "swimming and taking off my clothes." Her sexual fantasy involves "hot tubs and public places."
—Photo by Friend

Gentlemen, feast your eyes on Ms. Candi, a 49-year-old housewife from Gulfport, Michigan. The lovely Great Lake State resident enjoys "shopping for clothes and high heels." On the sexual front, our gal can hardly wait to "be pleasured by a group of men and women."
—Photo by Husband

s vixen Piper is a 27-old bartender with a hant for "loud music, cars and touching lf while looking in the or." Her fantasy is to k my husband and a e friend, and have two ks in my pussy at the e time." Her motto, pre-nably, is "make mine a ble."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt

#9 April

A self-employed investor from Dallas, April, 25, enjoys "almost all outdoor sports, riding my motorcycle and looking for other beautiful girls to play with." The towheaded trollop's fantasy is to "have a gorgeous blonde over for a cookout and eat her tasty pussy for dessert."

—Photo by Boyfriend

Beaver Hunt

#10 Jewel

Cramming objects up her cooch is just one of Jewel's many talents. The 23-year-old Dallas homemaker keeps busy "raising my three boys and satisfying my husband in every way." The unselfish babe lists her fantasy as "to have my husband's fantasies fulfilled."

—Photo by Husband

Beaver Hunt

#11 Goldilocks

Goldilocks has fallen; can she get you up? This 41-year-old nurse's aide from Chicago spends her free time "nude sunbathing, reading novels and pleasing my man!" That and entertaining her carnal fantasy of having "a nice gang-bang ending in a cum bath; they say it moisturizes skin!" We'll stick with Nivea, thanks.

—Photo by Fiancé

OBIE TRICE

Real Name, No Gimmicks

HUSTLER raps with Obie Trice about his big cock, Eminem groupies and what he's looking for in a woman.

Obie live on the Sunset Strip.

Interview and Photography by Giddle Partridge

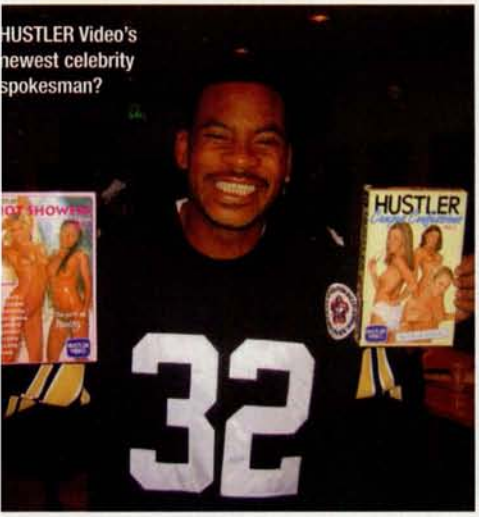
Obie Trice was introduced to the world on Eminem's 2002 single "Without Me," which begins with Obie saying, "Obie Trice. Real name, no gimmicks." But it took almost two years for Mr. Mathers to release, via his Shady/Aftermath imprint, Obie's debut album, *Cheers*. (Obie had to wait for Eminem to film *8 Mile*—in which the protégé has a brief cameo—and for the release of 50 Cent's *Get Rich Or Die Tryin'*.)

Obie's first single, "Got Some Teeth," is a humorous cautionary tale about the perils of drinking while picking up chicks, complete with *Flintstones* sound effects. (Chorus: "And if I leave here tonight, and I fall asleep and wake up, hopefully, she got some teeth.") Like "Teeth," the other tracks on *Cheers* offer Obie's smooth, understated delivery, catchy lyrics, danceable beats, inventive production (courtesy of Eminem and Dr. Dre) and guest appearances by Dre, 50 Cent, Busta Rhymes, D-12, Nate Dogg and Eminem.

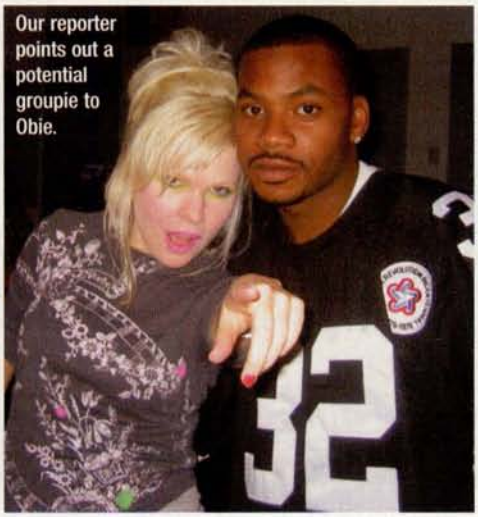
HUSTLER sent me to the office of Obie's publicist to interview the rapper. In front, five guys—one of whom looks exactly like Obie—are hanging out, smoking cigarettes. I introduce myself to the man, but to my surprise, he says, "Oh, you here to interview Obie; he's upstairs." Utterly confused, since I've been seeing Trice's face daily on MTV's *Total Request Live*, I walk into the building, asking myself, *Does Obie have an identical twin? Or perhaps several lookalikes á la Saddam Hussein?*

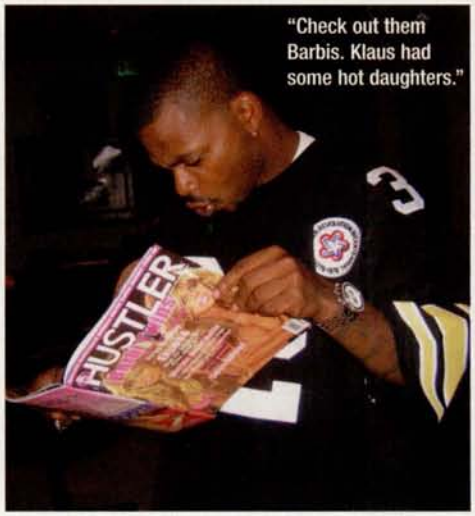
The elevator doors open to the fourth floor, and I'm escorted into a huge conference room, which is littered with half-eaten burritos, beers and soda cans. More guys from Trice's entourage also fill the space, including a man lying on the floor, totally passed out. What I don't find is Trice.

Finally, the dude from downstairs enters and introduces himself to me as Obie. The prankster had obviously figured that a blond white girl wouldn't know who the hell he was. I reply, "You fucking smartass; I knew that was you." Laughing at how he fooled me, Obie immediately flips through some complimentary HUSTLER Magazines and porn videos, and we begin our interview.



HUSTLER Video's newest celebrity spokesman?


Our reporter points out a potential groupie to Obie.



"Check out them Barbis. Klaus had some hot daughters."

HUSTLER: If you started your own porn series, what would you call it?

TRICE: I would name it *Obese Booties.*

HUSTLER: All fat girls?

TRICE: Fat asses. I'm an ass man. I think I get it from my mama. Her shape is beautiful, so I respect that.

HUSTLER: Are you into ass sex?

TRICE: *Whoa!* Anal sex? Not really, 'cause I don't get it. Most females say I'm too big; so I don't get it like that.

HUSTLER: How big is your dick?

TRICE: It's probably as big as your head. Nah, I'm just fucking with you. I'm cool. I haven't had any complaints.

HUSTLER: Do you rip girls open when you fuck them?

TRICE: Like make them bleed and shit? Yeah.

HUSTLER: Have the groupies been good to you on your current tour?

TRICE: In Phoenix, this one groupie came to the hotel, and one of the fellas took her panties off, and she had guacamole in her drawers.

HUSTLER: Did you keep her panties as a souvenir, or did you flush them down the toilet?

TRICE: Nah, she kept them. One of the guys was like, "Is these your panties?" She was like, "No, no." Then she was like, "Okay, they're mine, but there are a lot of children where I live, and they just step on my stuff all the time." So she blamed it on the kids.

HUSTLER: Was that after you got with her?

TRICE: No. Nobody got with her. We want to state that for the record.

HUSTLER: What was the stinkiest pussy you've ever had?

TRICE: I can't give the name because I guess we'd be sued. This chick—it smelt like sewage. I'd tell her, "You need to see someone about that." And she said, "There's nothing I can do about it. I went to the doctor, and I just have this stench; they don't know what it is." Just bad, bad pussy.

HUSTLER: Did you fuck her anyway?

TRICE: Yeah. I fucked her, but after a while, it was bad. [*Obie's manager indicates that he fucked her five times.*]

HUSTLER: It took you five times to figure out it was bad pussy? Did you inherit a VD from her?

TRICE: Nah. I strap on condoms; so I'm good. I use Magnums, no doubt.

HUSTLER: On your first single, "Got Some Teeth," you rap, "I don't want to be headed home with two double Ds full of silicone." Do you only like real tits?

TRICE: I like real tits. I talk shit about silicone, but I'd suck on some silicones. I don't like [fake tits] 'cause it seems like I'd bust it or something. I'm not comfortable with that shit, but I'd suck on that shit. I care, but I don't care. You see what I'm saying? It's like a love/hate situation.

HUSTLER: Do you love or hate shaved pussies, or are you a bush man?

TRICE: Bushes. I'm a bush man. Have something down there. Have some hair around your rectum hole and shit.

HUSTLER: On another song, you say, "I camcord the sex and sell it around town." Are you peddling your homemade porn videos?

TRICE: Nah, but I've recorded the sex and *showed* it around town. I've never sold them.

HUSTLER: Do you like Lil' Kim?

TRICE: Lil' Kim, she cool. I'd probably fuck Lil' Kim.

HUSTLER: Don't you think her pussy might be too used up and disgusting?

TRICE: That's what I'm thinking: *Would it be disgusting or not?*

HUSTLER: Tell us about the song "Hoodrats." What is a hoodrat?

TRICE: The hoodrats is like chicks in the hood that everybody or somebody you know has fucked, and you're like, "Oh, you got her too?" She's a nympho. She's, like, out of order. She pops up in places that she normally wouldn't be at. You think you're getting away with something when you're with a nice chick, and

"You're lovin' this restraining order, ain't cha, bitch?!"

then the hoodrat would finally be there, and kind of like destroy the whole situation.

HUSTLER: In the song, a hoodrat is screaming at you, "I'm having your baby; they's twins." How many kids do you have other than your daughter, Kobie?

TRICE: Just one little girl.

HUSTLER: Did you name her after Kobe Bryant?

TRICE: No, but Kobe's cool. I'm a fan of Kobe's. But, you know, Obie, Kobie; so that's why.

HUSTLER: Are you named after Obi-Wan Kenobi from *Star Wars*?

TRICE: Nah, I'm the third actually. My father is named Obie, and his father's named Obie.

HUSTLER: Did o.b. tampons haunt you growing up?

TRICE: Nah. When I was young, some stupid idiot would make a joke about that shit like, "Obie—o.b. tampons?" That shit is stupid. It's not even funny.

HUSTLER: Have your family members suddenly multiplied since your success?

TRICE: Yeah, I got some cousins and some cousins' cousins' cousins from down under, and they're like, "I ain't called you in, like, 25 years because I didn't know that you was going to be this. That's why I didn't call."

HUSTLER: Was Eminem fucking Brittany Murphy on the set of *8 Mile*?

TRICE: I believe so. I think he fucked that bitch. I don't know if it was on the set. He might have. I would've.

HUSTLER: Do Eminem groupies try to use you to get to him?

TRICE: Yeah, all the time. Especially when we was on the Anger Management Tour, there were chicks coming on the bus, and someone would be like, "This is Obie Trice." And she's like, "So Eminem—how is he?" Eminem this and Eminem that.

HUSTLER: Did it blow your mind to be able to work with Dr. Dre?

TRICE: That was overwhelming. I'm in Cali—you pull up to the studio, Lamborghinis and shit out front. Coming from Detroit, you don't see shit like that. We have Fords.

HUSTLER: So before rapping, you were selling crack?

TRICE: Rocks.

HUSTLER: Did you ever sell detergent when you couldn't afford the real shit?

TRICE: No, you never disrespect the game like that. I never did that.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been shot at?

[*The entire room busts out laughing.*] ***TRICE:*** Oh, hell, yeah.

HUSTLER: Do you have a favorite combination of drugs you like to do?

TRICE: Shit, booze probably. Cognac and Hennessy.

HUSTLER: You don't smoke pot?

TRICE: No, not at all. I do not swing from the vines. I had a case, and I had to piss; so I just stopped.

HUSTLER: Do you have a problem with people downloading your music?

TRICE: Being that I'm an artist, yeah, I do have a problem with it. If I was a plumber, or I worked at the factory or something, I would bootleg. I wouldn't go to the store and buy CDs. But being that I'm on Shady Records, and I'm selling records, buy my CD.

HUSTLER: Can you remember the first time you jacked off?

TRICE: Yeah, it was my man Joe.

HUSTLER: You got turned on by another dude?

TRICE: Nah, come on now, stop it. I'm getting to my point. My man Joe said, "Yo, man, before you start fucking, you need to know what it feel like to come so you don't get a girl pregnant." I was about 12. I just went upstairs and hit my man, and it was like, "Oh, shit, *whoa!*"

HUSTLER: Does it offend you when white people sing along at your shows and say the word *nigga*?

TRICE: Hell, no.

HUSTLER: On your record, people talk shit about Kim Osorio, editor in chief of *The Source* magazine. What's the story there?

TRICE: Shit, I don't even know the bitch.

HUSTLER: So you just let anyone come on your album and talk shit about whomever they want?

TRICE: Whoever they want and shit. They roll with the team, you know, they on my team. Kim Osorio works for *The Source*, and we don't get along with them at Shady/Aftermath. So if Kim Osorio works for them, then fuck her.

HUSTLER: Do you have your own slang words like Snoop Dogg does?

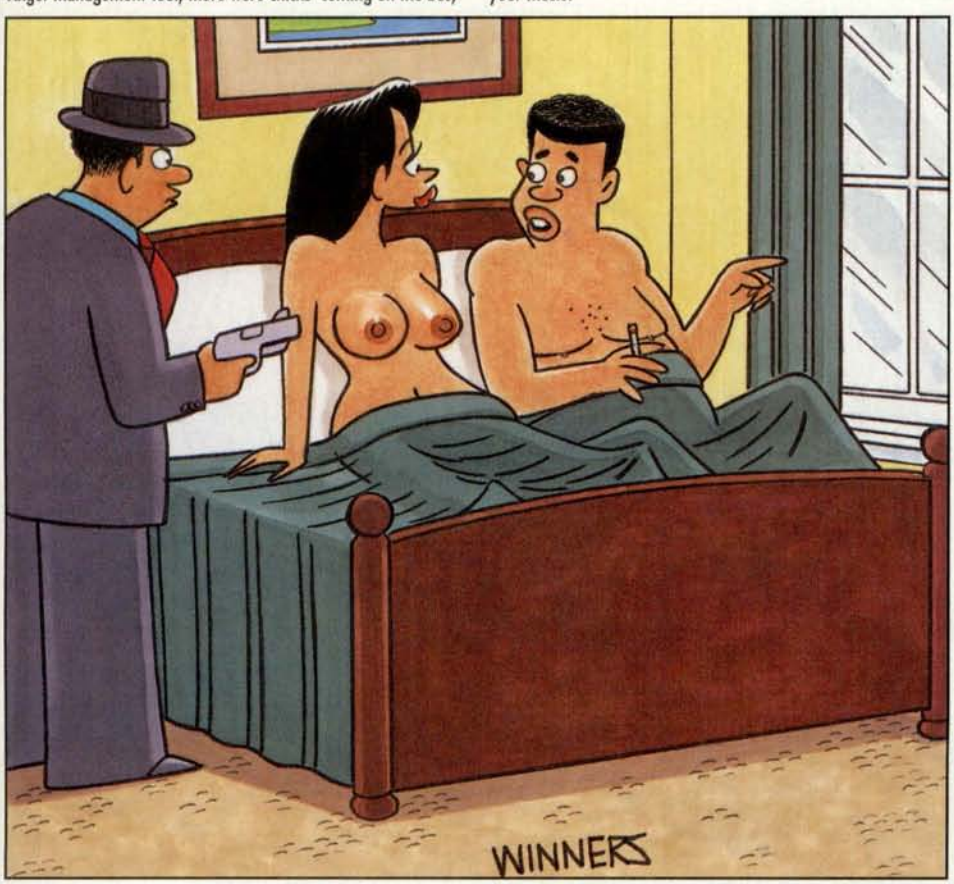
TRICE: Yeah. I say *squo*. Squo means, like, "really," like, "for real, seriously?" It's short for "square business."

HUSTLER: What should HUSTLER readers know about Obie Trice?

TRICE: HUSTLER readers, you can expect to go get the debut album *Cheers*. Go cop that album. New nigger, new voice, new career, all that shit. All the ladies that are reading this magazine, my dick is incredible. I'm a healthy, young man. Black, vibrant and ready to go.

HUSTLER: What kind of chicks are you looking for?

TRICE: I'm looking for a chick that don't mind being in the bathroom while I take a shit. And who'll talk to me while she's curling her hair or putting some eyeliner on while I'm shitting. And my shit stank. Love my dirty drawers. You feel me? Peace.



"You create a diversion, and I'm going to jump out of the window."

"Agreed! If Bush wins re-selection, I get to fuck you in the ass. If Bush loses, I have to stick my dick in your mouth till I come."

ALEXIS
SILVER

PIECE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Alexis, 24, hails from Butler, Pennsylvania, a small town outside Pittsburgh, where she went to a strict Catholic school. "I didn't get my first kiss until the eighth grade," the bootylicious Cancer sighs. "I had a boyfriend in eighth grade and practically all we did was hold hands."

Alexis made the transition from Catholic school to public school to eventually posing nude on Web sites. Wanting to make it big in porn, the self-described "computer geek" went online and found an agent who brought her to the West Coast, where she began appearing in porn flicks.

Alexis's family knows about her X-rated hijinks; naturally, not everyone took the news in stride: "I have four sisters. One, who is really Christian, totally freaked out!" Alexis's future plans are a little more G-rated—she plans to open an animal shelter someday. "I want to work with animals; that's my dream. I know I won't make a lot of money doing it, but I'll be happy."

Alexis gives up the booty in **BARELY LEGAL #31, HOT SHOWERS #6** and **PORN TALENT SCOUT** on VHS and DVD from **HUSTLER** Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.ShopHUSTLER.com to order.

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

What's up, guys? I just got back from an entire afternoon of shopping! Being a typical woman at heart, when I'm not working (which is rare), I like to unwind by unleashing the plastic. Besides a few household items, I bought some lingerie from Victoria's Secret. I just love dressing up in a corset and luxurious hose; I get so wet feeling satin against my body. I also bought a vibrator and a couple of extra-large dildos for my favorite girl, Briana Banks, at the HUSTLER Hollywood store, which is *the* best place to find toys. (And you know how much I like using toys!) Briana's birthday is May 14; so don't forget to send her a card! I'm thinking of throwing a party for her at my house. Then again, I might fly out to Los Angeles to whisk her away to Palm Springs for a pampering session at one of the spas out there. I think she'd like that. She's been working so hard this year; she really needs a break.

I am so excited to tell you guys that Vivid is launching Vivid Comix, featuring the world-famous Vivid Girls! The first issue is a 48-page, adults-only comic book that's packed with erotic action and the adventures of all of the contract girls. Volume one opens with "Spellbound," a sexy tale set in a medieval, magical world of fantasy and witchcraft. The story stars Tawny Roberts and yours truly. There are also elaborate photo-spreads in each issue. It's so hot, it's going to practically leap off the shelves; so you'd better watch out for it at your local comic-book store. All of the people involved with creating this project are so talented. I just know it's going to be a huge success.

By the way, last week I packed up the car and drove to LA to participate in Krystal Steale's first movie for ClubJenna, called *Krystal Method*. She is so fucking hot, and the scenes are so intense. I think it's some of her best work to date. We had such a great time. Afterward, we celebrated with champagne and snacks at the Sky Bar in Hollywood. I just adore that place. We then moved on to some strip clubs down the street, and things got kind of hot and heavy. I wish I could have stayed a little bit longer, but you know how busy I am!

I received a sweet letter recently from a fan in North Carolina, asking me what type of video games I like to play. My favorite would have to be *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*, because it reminds me of warm, sweaty nights in Miami. (I'm also particularly proud of having lent my voice to this award-winning game.) If you've never been to Miami, you should go. There are so many beautiful women there, it's distracting!

If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

XoXo,
Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**

Fuck Dolls: *Kate: "I'm gonna guess that this one is the Dodger dog."*

Fuck Dolls: *Jynx: "Can I please get a touch-up, guys? My make-up is running."*

Fuck Dolls: *Lauren Phoenix: "Pull my hair again, and I'll shit all over your dick."*

Fuck Dolls

Directed by Jake Malone.
Starring Nautica Thorn, Jynx, Delilah, Kate Kaptive, Lena Julliette, Lauren Phoenix, Mr. Pete and Tony Ribas.
DVD: Red Light District.

Right out of the gate, the titular babes of this vignette free-for-all vigorously live up to their moniker. Lauren Phoenix, the first sex toy to be violated, proves once again why she is one of the hottest performers today. Taking it any which way and loose, her screams of pain/pleasure are enough to raise the wood of even the most jaded raincoater. Going from ass-to-mouth and back again, alternately punctuated by double penetrations, Phoenix's luscious, sweat-soaked body serves as a reminder of her dedication to servicing cock. Equally delectable are standouts Kate Kaptive, a submissive 21-year-old blonde who gobbles cock with wild abandon, and raven-haired Jynx, who crams a butt plug up her sphincter before the orifice is punished repeatedly by a couple of lucky mooks. Bottom line: these cum-sucking whores have truly earned their right to be called *Fuck Dolls*.

—Stewart Wallace

Naked Justice
Lawyer-Turned-Woodsman
Ron Miller

When Ron Miller passed the bar exam in 1975 and officially became a criminal-defense attorney, he certainly never imagined that one day he would become a porn star, but after 23 years of defending drug dealers and accused murderers, a funny thing happened on the way to the courtroom. Ron's girlfriend, celebrated XXX starlet Brooke Hunter, was off to star in her very first porn film, and she wanted Ron to go with her for moral support. Right before shooting began, Brooke surprised Ron by asking him if he would do a scene with her. Not being the kind of guy that refuses a request made by a beautiful woman, Ron shed his clothes and joined her in front of the camera.

Miller was worried about how appearing in an adult film would affect his successful law practice, so he covered his face by wearing a black ski mask. (Luckily for Ron, the scene depicted a burglar breaking into a house and subsequently having sex with the hot chick who lived there.) Problem was, the wool mask was making him sweat like a faucet, so the director, fearing that his performer might have a heart attack, pulled it off minutes before Ron delivered his pop-shot onto Hunter's face. Whether Miller liked it or not, a star was born.

Ron Miller, esquire, was now also known as Don Hollywood, porn star. "I don't do anything half-assed," says Don. "If I was going to get into the adult-movie industry, I was going to *get into it.*"

Nicknamed "Horse Cock" by acclaimed director Henri Pachard, Hollywood has performed in hundreds of scenes as an actor. He also owns a production company with Hunter and created Erotica LA, the largest adult-entertainment trade show in America.

Miller/Hollywood rides to work on his custom Harley-Davidson and is a fully licensed jet pilot, flying such aircraft as his Provost Mark V. In his spare time (when he's not busy busting a nut on nubile blue-movie betties), he restores antique cars, and Hunter, his wife of two years, says he's an excellent cook. "I don't want to sound conceited, but I think I am the most interesting man in the entertainment industry next to Larry Flynt."

At the very least, Miller proves that it's not always a bad thing when a lawyer screws someone over.

Miller relishes the oral discovery phase.

Double Decker Sandwich #2: *Nikki: "You could at least remove your boots, Vickie."*

Amateur Angels #12: *Lana Moore: "You really think my ass is as sexy as J.Lo's?"*

Glazed and Confused #2: *Ava Devine: "Let me lube it up before you stick it in, okay?"*

Double Decker Sandwich #2: *Alicia and Brittany share a tender moment.*

Glazed and Confused #2: *Cailey Taylor: "And now for my next trick...literally."*

Li'l Red: *Hypnotized by Lee Stone's cheesy necklace, Gina Lynn was defenseless.*

Li'l Red: *Taylor Rain: "Watch the Grand Canyon cracks, schmuck."*

Double Decker Sandwich #2

Directed by Sammy Sixx.
Starring Alicia Rhodes, Brooke, Brittany Skye, Devon Michaels, Holly Body, Nikki Veil, Sheridan, Vickie Vogue, Vicky Vette, Victoria, Tony Ribas, Mark Wood and Mark Davis.
DVD and Videocassette: Zero Tolerance.

Packing a double shot of DD-sized excitement, *Double Decker Sandwich #2* is top-heavy with smoking-hot talent. The cantilevered tag team of stacked blond sex bombs Brittany Skye and Alicia Rhodes ranks as the eighth, ninth, tenth and 11th natural wonders of the world. Brittany is one of the hottest babes in the biz and, judging from her performance in this video, one of the most insatiable. But cock-hungry stunner Alicia Rhodes dominates the ass-heavy action, tossing Brittany the occasional ass-to-mouth bone. Brittany's jiggling eye candy and unslaked thirst for schlong cranks the intensity to 11 while Alicia's browneye is ripped asunder. Five more big-boobed double teamings offer the sweaty-palmed viewer plenty of teat meat to chew on before Brittany and Alicia's mind-blowing grand finale, making *Double Decker Sandwich #2* a nut-sac-emptying epic that can't be digested in just one sitting.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Glazed & Confused #2

Directed by William H.
Starring Dominica Leoni, Teoni, Ava Devine, Cailey Taylor, Jules Van Saint, Kris Slater, Alex Rox, Marty Romano, Dick Tracy, Tony Sexton and Arnold Schwarzenpecker.
DVD: Elegant Angel.

Glazed & Confused #2 presents a series of jizz-soaked, blowjob-only gang-bangs that completely frost each heroine's face with a thick coat of nut cream. Pixie-ish Euro-babe Dominica Leoni tackles a pack of greasy swordsmen in an empty parking lot. The sex-positive gamine's stunning body is hard to glimpse through the sea of man-ass surrounding her, but her genuine hunger for cock shines through, even when she takes shots of pearly pecker snot in her eye and up her nose. The guerilla-style camera work creates a raw, dirty feel. Mega-busty cum-catcher Ava Devine blows a bunch of guys on the front lawn, and you half expect the cops to bust everyone. Degradation-hungry facial fans will have a heart attack watching a mob of cocksmiths drop their loads on Jules Van Saint's angelic face, but B.J. enthusiasts might miss the first-person POVs. *Glazed & Confused #2* delivers family-sized facials.

—J. P.

Li'l Red

Directed by Andre Madness.
Starring Gina Lynn, Taylor Rain, Lezley Zen, Travis Knight, Talon, Trevor Zen, Lee Stone, Steve Hatcher and Ben English.
Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

A psychotic retelling of *Little Red Riding Hood*, with a mishmash of other fairy tales thrown in for good measure, *Li'l Red* succeeds despite its goofy premise, thanks to the star power of buxom blonde Gina Lynn. Playing a newly arrived nuthouse patient, Gina is promptly fucked by two orderlies in clown makeup. Weird camera effects add a distracting layer of insanity to the proceedings. Gina services both freaks with messy blowjobs and a double stuffing before they paint her face with splooge. If the clown motif ruins your jerk, never fear: Gina is up for two more tent-pitching trysts, including an acrobatic fling with strongman Lee Stone and a nasty thrustfest with Ben English's big, bad wang. Petite brunette Taylor Rain pops up as Little Miss Muffet and has her tuffet hammered in a sweaty, sphincter-scouring tussle. But Gina Lynn lovers—and acid burnouts—will be the ones grooving on the bizarro *Li'l Red*.

—J. P.

Amateur Angels #12

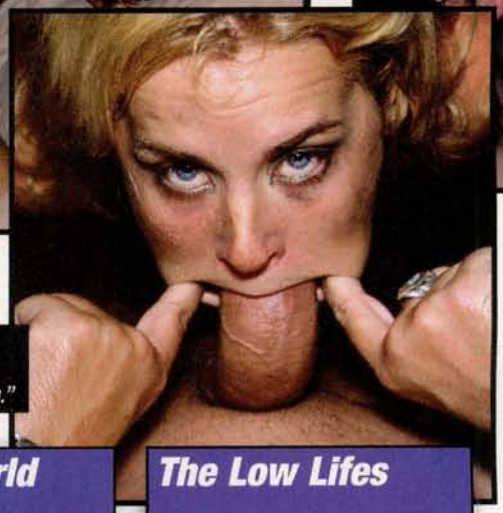
Directed by Luc Wylder.
Starring Sabrina Snow, Betty Sue, Lana Moore, Tayla Rox, Ramona Luv, Kinzie Kenner, Lucy Lee, Steve Hatcher, Evan Stone, Kurt Lockwood, Danny Dukes and Billy Glide.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

True amateur aficionados might feel duped by the porn-star-loaded plate of young pussy in *Amateur Angels #12*, but they won't be disappointed. Hip brunette Betty Sue has done a ton of vids in a few short months, but this flick captures her very first foray into fuck filmdom. Her inauspicious solo masturbation is noteworthy as the only time on camera when the alluring lipstick lesbian shoves something cock-shaped up her twat. Kinzie Kenner is another newbie, just two months over 18, but she's already a XXX vet. The redheaded sex kitten has a wild threesome with Asian hottie Lucy Lee and a lucky stud who fondles Kinzie's well-toned ass while squeezing his meat stick into her ultratight cooze. Blond vixen Sabrina Snow also puts her athletic bod through the paces. Even so, these spectacular young honeys have filmed far more jaw-dropping shags than the ones in *Amateur Angels #12*.

—J. P.

Full Anal Access: *Brooke Balentyne: "Dad, I thought your flight was coming in tomorrow!"*

Full Anal Access: *Ashley Blue: "They were right; this is harder than Chinese algebra."*



Throat Gaggers #5: *Molly Malone: "Dude, your cock isn't that big."*

Full Anal Access

Directed by Michael Stefano.
Starring Ashley Blue, Brooke Balentyne, Rio Mariah, Mandy Bright, Jasmine Lynn, Michael Stefano, Tony Ribas, Frank Gun, Mark Davis, Manuel Ferrara, Steve Holmes and Eric Everhard.
DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Full Anal Access has all the right ingredients for an ass-blasting mind-blower of a flick. Top sluts like Ashley Blue, Mandy Bright and Jasmine Lynn have a string of jizz-worthy hits under their belts. The action—including tons of anal, ass-to-mouth blowjobs, double penetration, even two cocks up the ass at once—is all the raunch you could ask for. The recipe seems foolproof, yet the end result won't satisfy your hunger for hot sex. The fuck bunnies are not looking their best either. Scary eye makeup abounds—Brooke Balentyne looks like she has furry scarab beetles nesting on her peepers. Watching sluts get three-hole punched should get your juices flowing, but too many cocks spoil the broth. The sight of two dicks rubbing against each other as they pump in and out of an asshole would disturb any guy who's not a closeted butt pirate. *Full Anal Access* is a degrading sausagefest for secret-swish sickos only.

—J. P.

Throat Gaggers #5

Directed by Jake Malone.
Starring Jynx, Sabina, Cynara, Lucy Lee, Victoria, Maggie Star, Jackie Moore, Emily Davinci, Molly Malone, Nautica Thorn and Jules Van Saint.
DVD and Videocassette: Red Light District.

Throat Gaggers #5 is a series of boner-inducing vignettes featuring young whores who crave having their tonsils tickled. First up is Asian *über*-slut Nautica Thorn in a sexy nurse outfit, who plays with her silicone-free flesh bags in anticipation of a proper throat throttle. She gobbles some mook's girth with gusto, literally slobbering all over his knob while demanding that he spit in her face and mouth. With her makeup smeared all over her eyes, Nautica proudly takes a gigantic load of jizz in the face. Lucy Lee and '80s-coiffed throwback Emily Davinci get busy with each other before choking on meat-spliff. Although the locale of *Throat Gaggers #5* looks like the warehouse at Red Light District HQ, it only adds to the degradation factor: These cock-craving bimbos gladly endure a gullet-stuffing anytime, anywhere; even if it means being asphyxiated by a schlong on a concrete floor next to a palette of videotapes.

—S. W.

Shane's World #34: Miami

Directed by Uncredited.
Starring Serena South, Gia, Haley, Hollie, Mr. Pete and Manuel Ferrara.
Videocassette: New Sensations.

The latest installment of the *Shane's World* series, *Shane's World #34: Miami*, is more than just a porn film: It's a documentary-style vacation chock-full of sexual escapades of fellow crew members. Although this is not exactly wank material, it's always amusing to watch blue-movie babes engaged in off-the-set antics, carousing with everyday folk. Highlights include a tour deep into the Everglades to check out gators. Mr. Pete grabs one by the tail and is rewarded for his stupidity with a humor-infused, yet zipper-busting threeway with Gia and Serena South. Nothing like a healthy mixture of swamp water and jizz. Further on, the kids hit the town for more hijinks before retiring to the condo for a no-holes-barred orgy in a hot tub. Although there is a lot of filler in *Shane's World #34: Miami*, and subtitles would have been helpful when trying to decipher Manuel Ferrara's accent, the sex is hot enough to warrant a viewing.

—S. W.

The Low Lifes

Directed by David Stanley.
Starring Chloe Jones, Trinity James, Olivia O'Lovely, Rachel Rotten, Jack Lawrence, Eric Masterson, Rob Rotten, Tony Tedeschi, Randy Spears and Chris Cannon.
DVD: Vivid Video.

In *The Low Lifes*, elder swordsman Randy Spears plays a punk-rock club owner who decides to sell his business after a long run. It's closing night, and Spears needs to make sure the headlining band, Bunny Rabid, makes it to the venue. Spears must also prevent the lead singer from finding out that he's banging his wife, Chloe Jones, who has never looked nastier in a choke chain, ripped nylons and a plaid schoolgirl skirt. Highlights include Rachel Rotten getting her asshole reamed by tattooed wonder boy Rob Rotten in the club's filthy bathroom. The cum-guzzling wastrel savors every drop of splooge as Rob blasts all over her cute mug. After the show, Eric Masterson and Spears blisteringly tag team a drunken Chloe. She willingly obliges with open holes after slobbering on both swordsmen's flesh sticks like the dirty girl she is. With its steamy sex and punk-rock sensibility, *The Low Lifes* rises out of the gutter.

—S. W.

Throat Gaggers #5: *Cynara picks food from between her molars.*

Shane's World #34: Miami: *Gia and Serena South rock the boat.*

The Low Lifes: *Olivia O'Lovely takes Hands Across America to a completely different level.*

Shane's World #34: Miami: *Hollie opens up and says "ahh."*

The Low Lifes: *Chloe Jones earns a new pair of nylons.*

Can You Be A Porn Star?

Contestant Jessica has a question for you.

Move over *Joe Millionaire* and *Paradise Hotel*; here's a reality show worth watching. Pushing the boundaries of reality television, *Can You Be A Pornstar?* showcases 28 hot female contestants willing to have sex on camera, competing for $100,000 and a one-year contract with VCA Pictures.

Harry Feingold, CEO of Silhouette Productions, was asked to produce the XXX game show for Pay-Per-View's iN Demand television. Producer Feingold scouted nonindustry girls using female assistants, who simply approached the prospective contestants and asked, "Hey, you wanna be a porn star?" After sifting through the applicants, Feingold carefully selected 28 girls. Some have done a scant amount of porn, while the others were entirely new to the field.

Cohosted by adult performers Tabitha Stevens and Mary Carey, the aspiring porn stars arrived at the shooting location, an expansive, Spanish-style mansion nestled in Studio City, California, where they underwent a gauntlet of interviews and photo-shoots. They competed in a variety of sex-related competitions that were judged by panels of adult-industry legends. Each girl was instructed to ride on a sex simulator called the Sybian to be judged on her ability to fake an orgasm. Genuinely excited by the thrusting machine, one girl actually had an orgasm, and was consequently penalized. As one of the judges, legendary adult performer Ginger Lynn, explained, to be a true porn star, there has to be a little faking now and then.

The show's climax is the contestants' challenge of fucking among crew and cameras. Young contestant Maile explains that she'd previously never even thought of sex with another girl. When confronted minutes before her debut sex scene with a female co-contestant, Maile explained, "She makes me feel really comfortable, and she'll be really easy with me."

Feingold's vision for the show is that it will easily penetrate the mainstream audiences with the "allure of the adult industry." He compares the contestants' need for attention to that of a Hollywood celebrity, coupled with an obvious craving for hard-core sex. Feingold explains, "These girls have an unbelievable sexual appetite. Far greater than mine, or yours."

Harlots-in-training Ivy, Erica, Jamie and Kat (l-r).

Can You Be a Pornstar? airs on Pay-Per-View every other Thursday and concludes with a 90-minute grand finale. Visit the show's interactive Web site, www.CanYouBeaPornstar.com, to watch video clips of the contestants and vote for your favorite girl.

Spectacular Butt Babes #5: *Jodie Moore: "Believe it or not, splooge has an SPF of 15!"*

Barely Legal #43: *Roxy: "Snap the picture, asshole. I don't have all day."*

Jack's Playground #4: "Montel's War": *"Leave me alone; I'm lactating."*

Spectacular Butt Babes #5

Directed by David Christopher.
Starring Jodie Moore, Joelean, Jessica Darlin, Kimmy Kahn, Mika Tan, Tony Tedeschi, Lee Stone, Billy Glide, Tyler Woods and David Christopher.
DVD: Legend.

David "Pussyman" Christopher is back in all his obsessive glory in *Spectacular Butt Babes #5.* His guest host, blond, bubble-butted babe Jodie Moore, is left in charge of finding bootylicious sluts for the boss. Moore enlists the help of Billy Glide and Tony Tedeschi, but before she begins her quest, she spreads her swollen pussy lips and grabs the nearest flesh sticks for a fever-pitched double penetration. When roly-poly helmsman Christopher returns from a sabbatical, he immediately swaps spit with house guests Kimmy Kahn and Asian cutie Mika Tan. While Kimmy hoovers his cock, Mika mounts Christopher's face and vice versa. Further on, Jessica Darlin slobbers on a meat-sicle prior to having her pussy coated with nut juice. Sadly, Darlin doesn't surrender her crap hatch. Uninspired moments considered, *Spectacular Butt Babes #5* still manages to deliver a steamy portion of sumptuous rump steak.

—S. W.

Jack's Playground #4: "Montel's War"

Directed by Robby D.
Starring Jelena Jensen, Ariana Jollee, Katie Kaliana, Cynthia Pendragon, Ava Devine, JJ, Lee Stone, Joel Lawrence, Kris Slater and Eric Masterson.
DVD: Digital Playground.

The porn-reality series *Jack's Playground* remains at the forefront of the XXX sub-genre, with the return of a few key players as well as a new crop of starry-eyed fuck toys, such as big-bosomed Jelena Jensen and pole-smoker extraordinaire Ariana Jollee. Jack (a/k/a director Robby D.), masquerading as a music-video director, hits the streets of Venice, California, to lure sexy raw talent to his apartment. Once ensnared in Jack's lair, the dimwitted chippies are induced to masturbate and fuck the shit out of his friends. The top-notch carnality is fortified by D.'s hallucinatory sense of humor. This edition features, for instance, the surreal return of life-size, uniform-wearing ebony dildo Montel with a hysterical flashback of his time "in the shit" with fellow soldier Dirty Sanchez á la *Apocalypse Now.* Playful and wildly imaginative, *Jack's Playground #4* will have blue-movie buffs laughing one minute and busting the rivets off their Levi's the next.

—S. W.

Barely Legal #43

Directed by Clive McLean.
Starring Kira Beckham, Lara Lewis, Katin, Sarah Sin, Roxy, Michelle, Sabina, Kurt, Alex, Craig, Kris, Joey Ray and Sergio.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

The neophyte nymphos of *Barely Legal #43* revel in showing off their firm, tight bods and even tighter slits. Most striptease sequences are seemingly meant to test your fast-forward button, but the amazing young forms on display here will have you shooting loads before any sex happens on-screen. Brunet cutie Katin possesses advanced deep-throating skills and humongous, natural milk jugs that swirl hypnotically during her hard, doggy-style tryst. Blond honey Michelle waves her giant boobs and tiny, bubblegum-pink pussy in Joey Ray's face, but he can't resist reaming her shit pipe. The sweetie manages to offer an unobstructed view of her spread-open pink while having her brains fucked out through her ass. Luscious blond lesbos Kira Beckham and Lara Lewis munch each other's slits with reckless abandon, making *Barely Legal #43* a ball-draining combination of sizzling hot shit

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Anal Expedition (Platinum X Pictures)
Sandra Romain, Mandy Bright, Julie Silver, Dennis Marti

Barely Legal #42 (HUSTLER Video)
Emily Davinci, Brianna Blaze, Bella Star, Nick Manning

Blow Me Sandwich: 3rd Times A Charm (Zero Tolerance)
Delilah, Violet Blue, Brittany Skye, Shayna Knight

DVDA (DVSX)
Sandra Mark, Janny, Amber, Jay Ashley

Sex Tape Scandal Part 2 (HUSTLER Video)
Jane Darling, Violetta, Martina, Bob Terminator

Three-Quarters Erect

Airtight #9 (Metro)
Jasmine Lynn, Ariana Jollee, Olivia O'Lovely, Mark Wood

Ms. Fortune (Vivid Entertainment)
Kira Kener, Sharon Kane, Dillion Day, Randy Spears

Twisted Minds (VCA Pictures)
Cindy Crawford, Aria, Chloe Dior, Billy Glide

Half Erect

Bring'Um Young (Anabolic Video)
Cassie Young, Veronica Lace, Honey, Jon Dough

Chick Flick #3 (Legend Video)
Charmane Star, Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break (Shane's World/New Sensations)
Calli Cox, Daisy, Talia, Mr. Pete

Sky's Perversions #2 (Sineplex Entertainment)
Sky Lopez, Destiny, Calli Summers, Elizabeth Lawrence

One-Quarter Erect

Mrs. Jones (Wicked Pictures)
Shayla La Veaux, Ava Vincent, Venus, Barret Blade

Totally Limp

Angel X (Wicked Pictures)
Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Brittany Skye, Lee Stone

Total Exposure (Adam & Eve Productions)
Violet Blue, Ann Marie, Kelly Steele, Ben English

Rating Guide

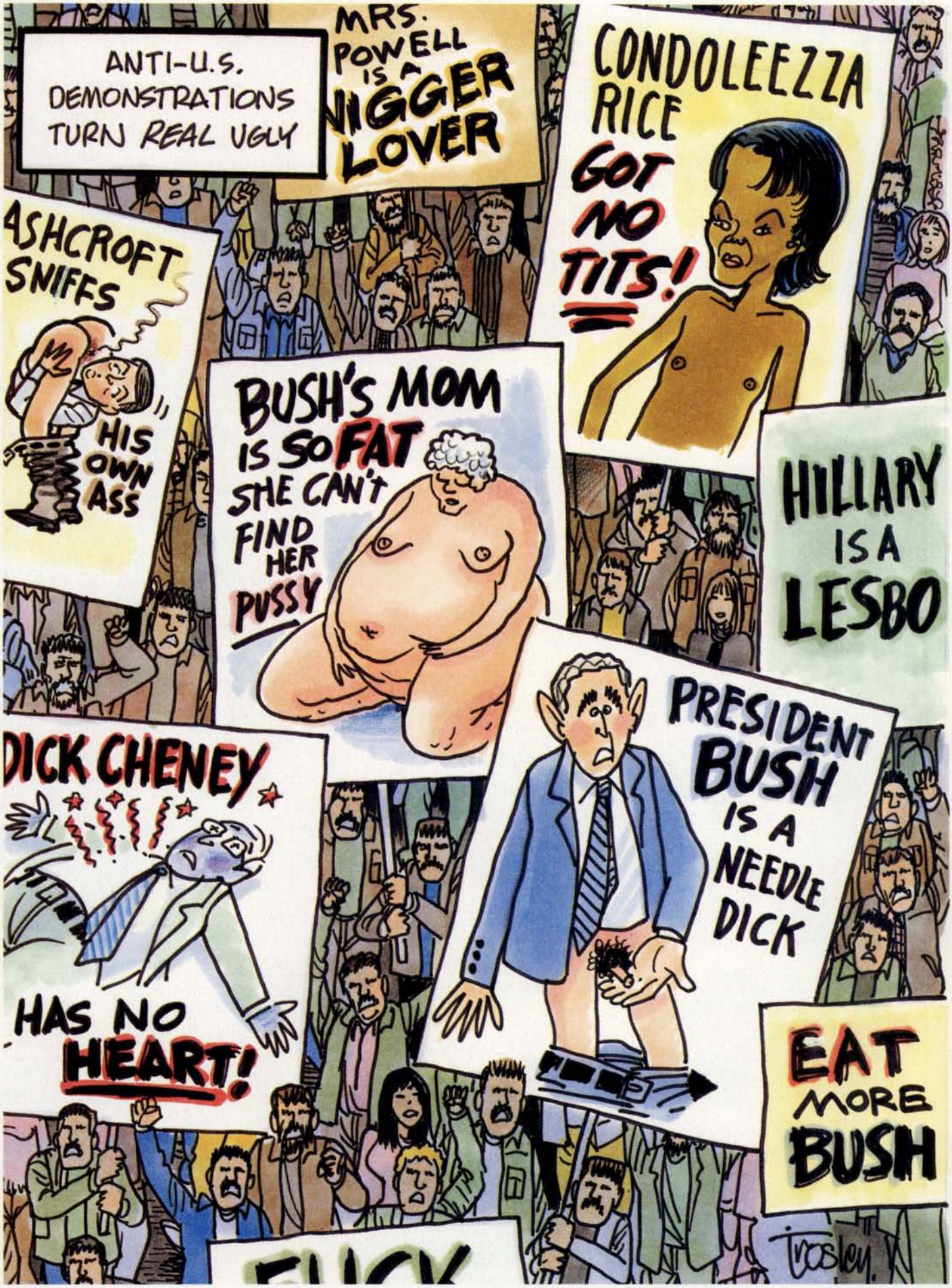
Fully Erect
Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.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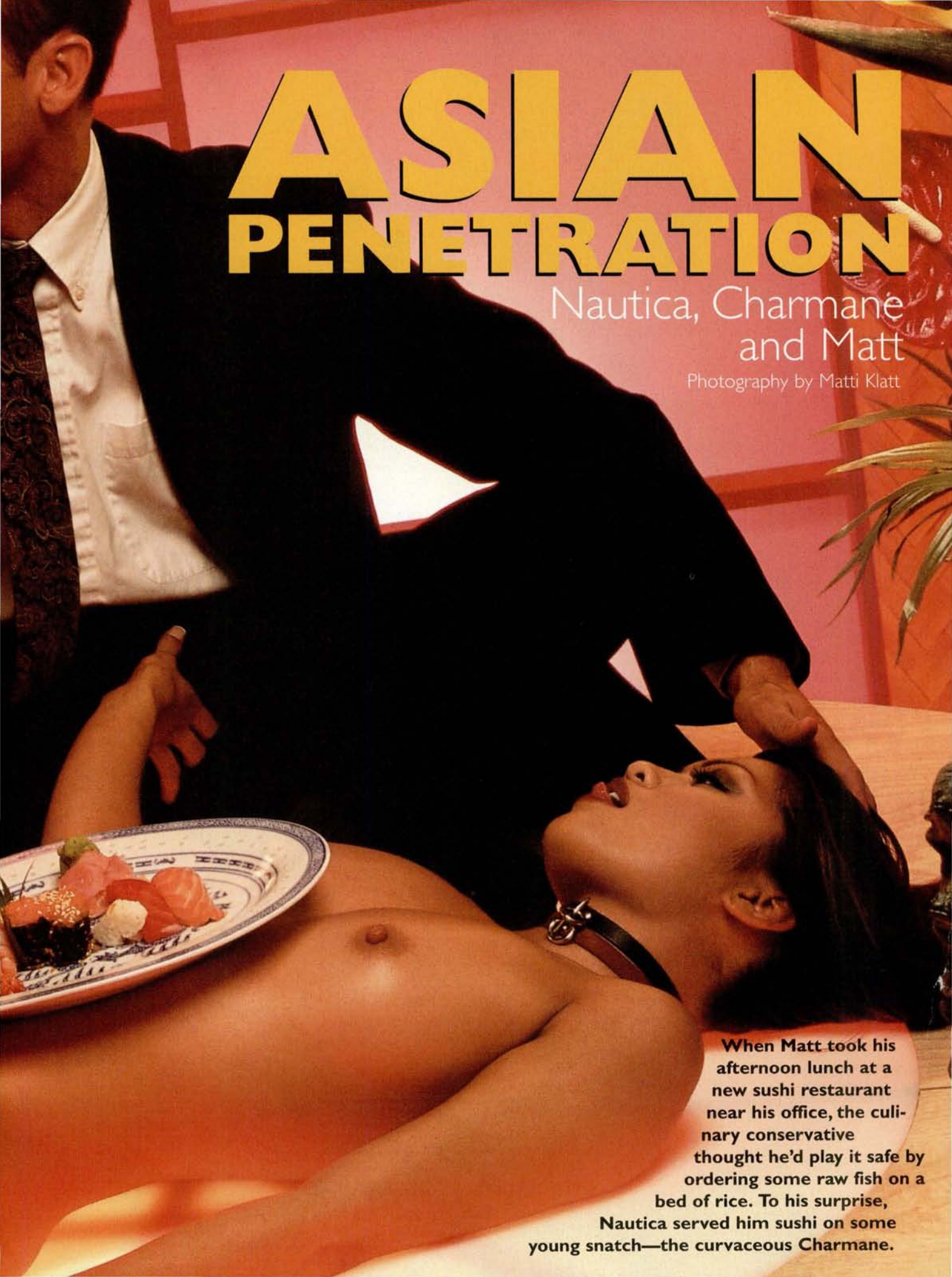

ASIAN PENETRATION

Nautica, Charmane and Matt

Photography by Matti Klatt

When Matt took his afternoon lunch at a new sushi restaurant near his office, the culinary conservative thought he'd play it safe by ordering some raw fish on a bed of rice. To his surprise, Nautica served him sushi on some young snatch—the curvaceous Charmane.

Not wanting to offend his hosts, Matt decided to taste the finer delicacies of Asian cuisine. While he drove his chopstick into Charmane's tight tempura, Nautica slurped her cohort's breasts.

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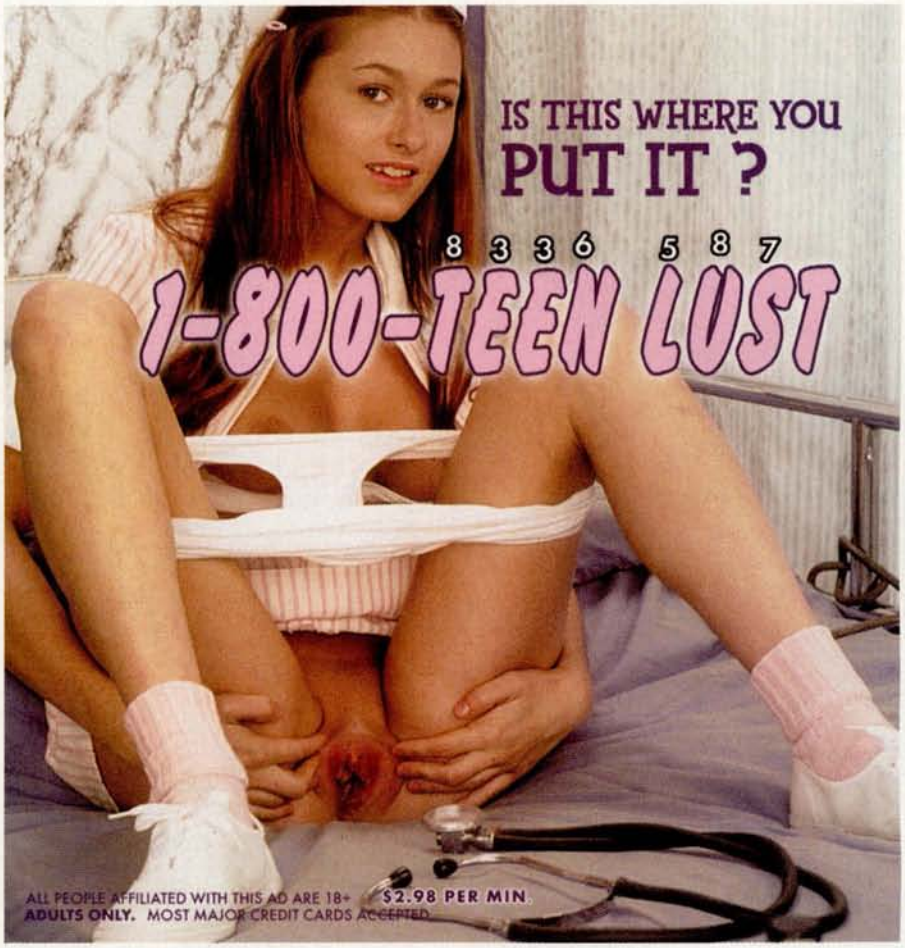
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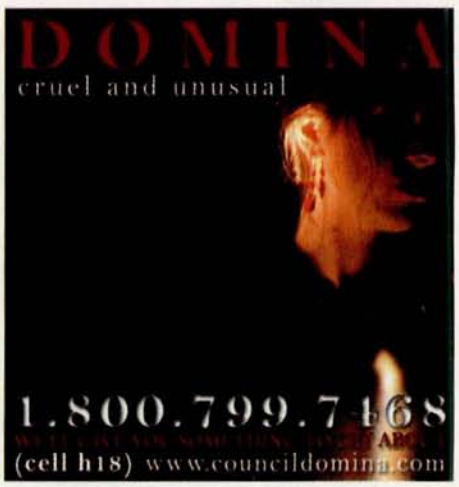
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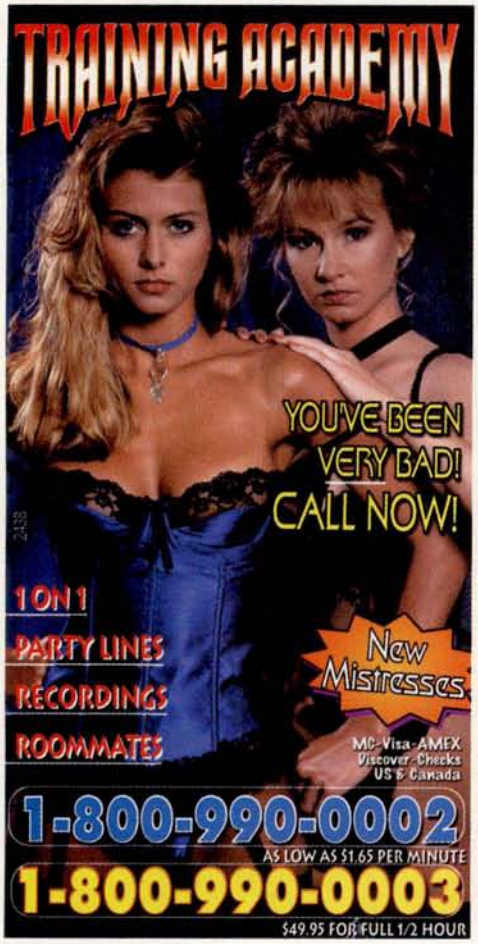
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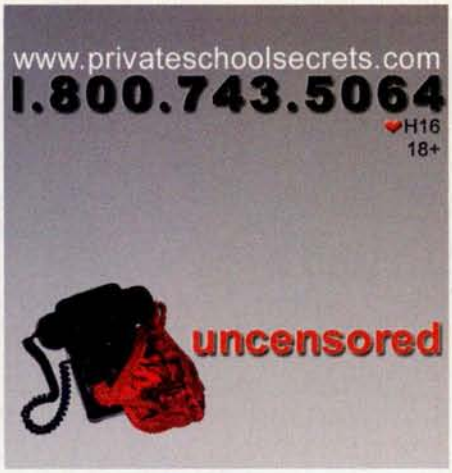

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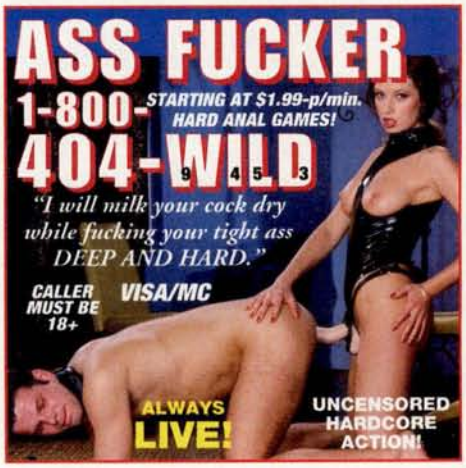

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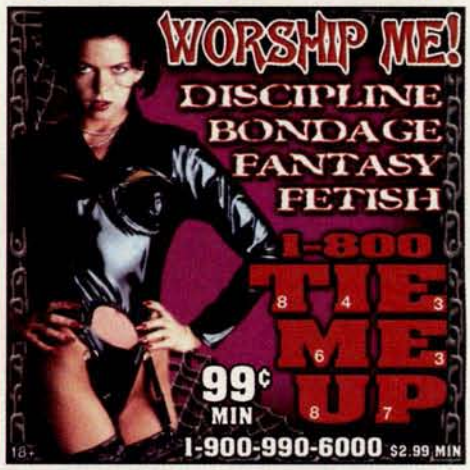
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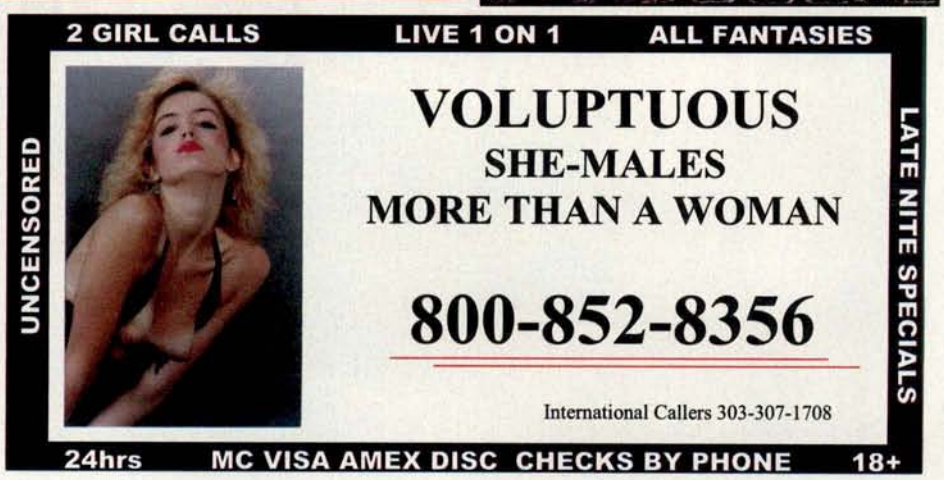
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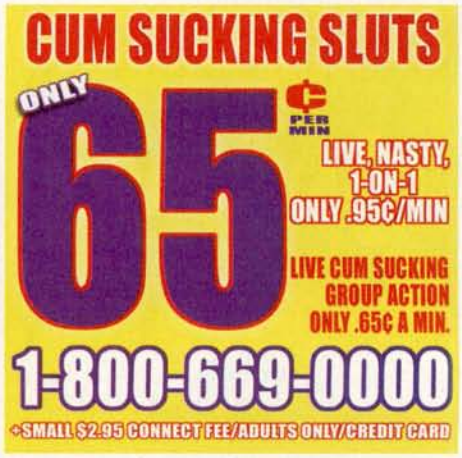
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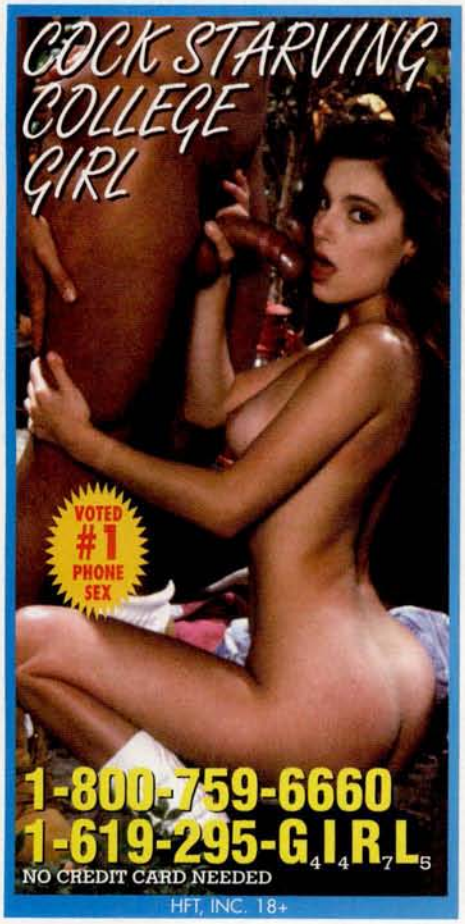

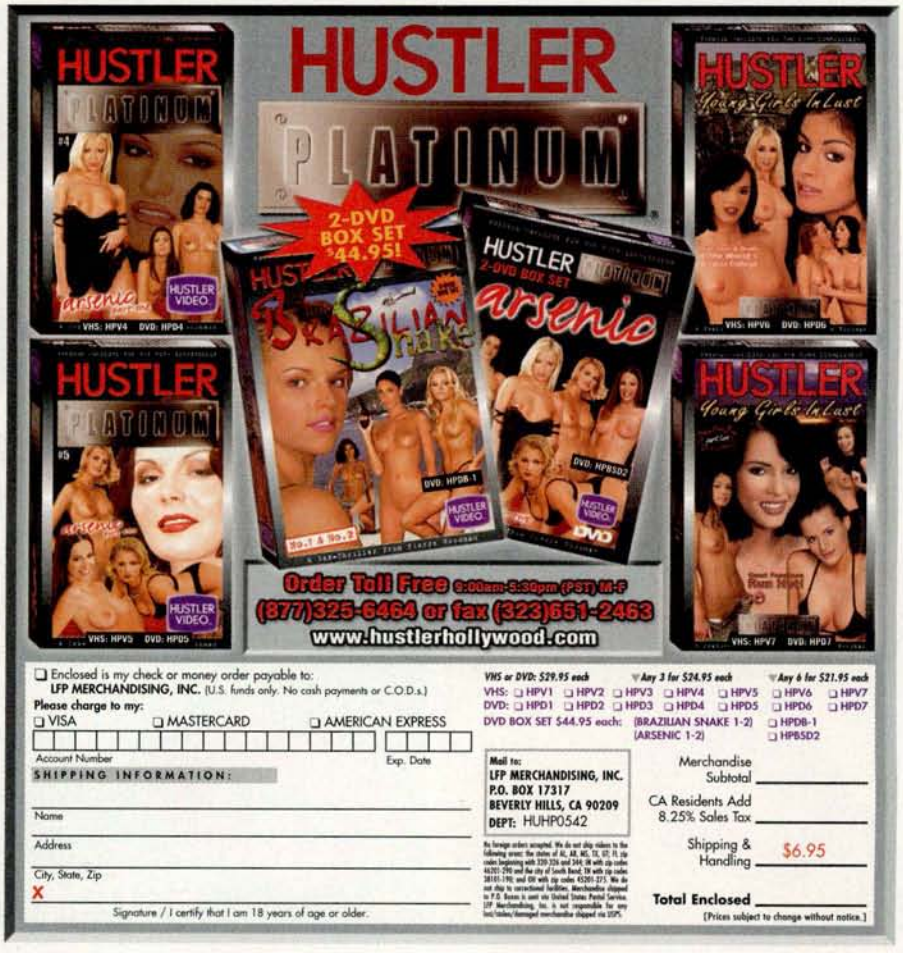

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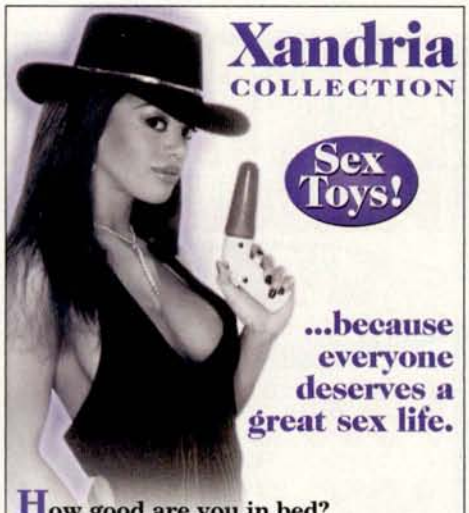
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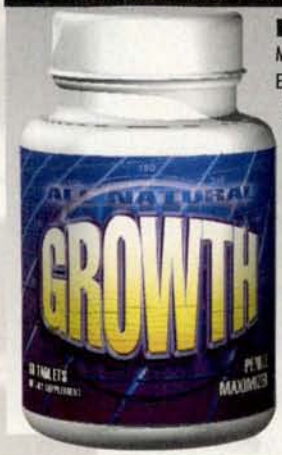

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16. BANG-O-RAMA

17. 3 HOLE INVASION

18. DROWNING IN CUM

19. SAVAGE SEX

20. 6 GUYS AND A GIRL

21. MONSTER CLIT

22. STRAP-ON MAN SCREWER

23. SEX SERVANT

24. GRANDMA'S SEX

25. EXTREME BASEMENT

26. YOUNG GUSHERS

27. LOVE FLUID

28. OOZING

29. CREAM PIE

30. DRIPPING SNATCH

31. MIDGET VIDEOS

32. FREAKY DICK

33. HAIRIEST WOMEN

34. HANGING LABIA

35. WORLD'S HUGEST PUSSY

36. CHERRY POPPIN

37. REFORM SCHOOL

38. PUFFY NIPPLES

39. BALD BEAVER

40. TEACHER'S PET

41. DRINK MY LOVE

42. IMPOSSIBLE PENETRATIONS

43. GIVING IT UP TO THE BLACK MAN

44. INDECENT EXPOSURE

45. FACES OF CUM

46. LARGEST COCKS

47. REAL HORSE SIZE COCKS

48. BIG DICKS BIG TITS

49. 18 INCH COCK

50. HUMAN HORSE COCK

ALL DVDS & VIDEOS ARE 7HRS

*All models depicted in ad and videos are age 18+

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DISCIPLINE
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FANTASY
FETISH
1-800
TIE ME UP
99¢ MIN
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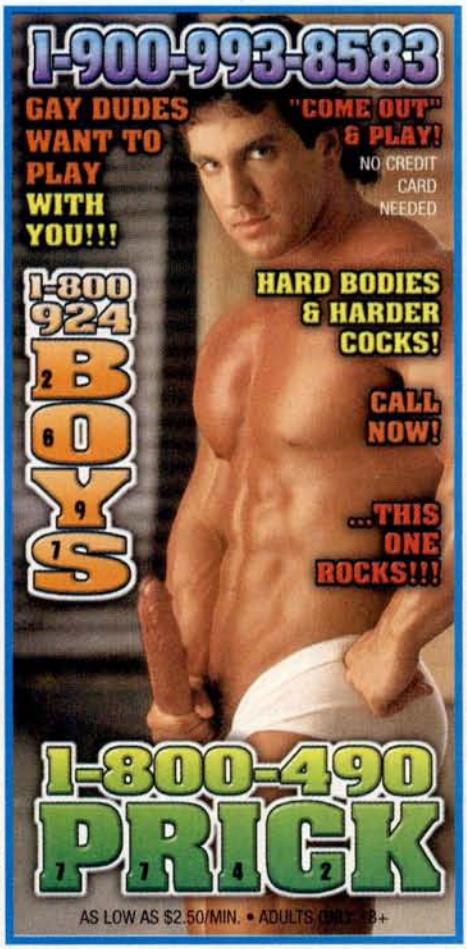
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Per Min
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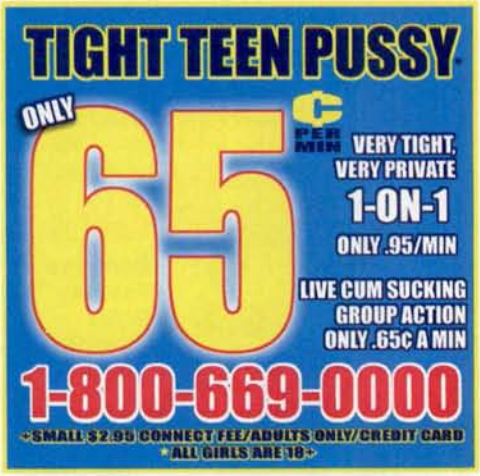
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ONLY .95/MIN

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All Models 18+

Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!

PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU! WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!!!

Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 5 Inches!

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!!!

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

Super Sex Formulas

Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Sexciter Makes Men Horny!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido.

"My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -JW, Arizona. "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use it." -LF, Oklahoma

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

Super "V" Plus Viagra Natural Alternatives Will Give You Harder Longer Lasting Throbbing Erections

At any age you can have rock hard erections and stronger climaxes. Gain control of your erections and helps you put a stop to pre-mature ejaculations. You will enjoy the sexual power of men half your age.

"Instead of once a month, I enjoy sex now three or more times a week." -AF, Texas

SUPER "V" PILLS FOR MEN: 30 Tabs Reg. $49.95
SUPER "V" PILLS FOR WOMEN: For sexual ecstasy and to increase blood flow, energy levels, sex drive, vaginal sensitivity and intensifies orgasms. 30 Tabs Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

Perform Ultra Cream for Men

(Applied Directly to the Penis)

This cream increases blood flow only to the penis for harder, thicker erections. The cream can be used alone and when used with the SUPER "V" Pills creates the most powerful erection you will ever have.

"You have the right name for it. I perform in bed like I'm 20 and I just turned 67" -RC, Florida

PERFORM ULTRA CREAM FOR MEN: 2 oz. Jar Reg. $59.95
BLISS ULTRA CREAM FOR WOMEN: (APPLIED DIRECTLY TO CLITORIS AND LABIA) 2 oz. Jar Reg. $59.95
Heightens the sexual response with more intense satisfying orgasms. Sensitivity is produced by blood flow into the clitoris, labia and vagina. producing amazing sexual enjoyment.
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $30.00 each

Sexually Attract Women Instantly with ATTRACT-A-MATE!

PHEROMONES CAN MAKE YOU BECOME A WANTED AND DESIRED MAN. Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You will ignite her wildest sexual desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Other men will envy your power. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how beautiful women will become passionate and desire to have sex with you. Rated the Number One Pheromone at any price.

"I put it on and it attracts women like a magnet. It turns women on and they can't figure it out." -HS, Indiana

ATTRACT-A-MATE "W": to attract women. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
ATTRACT-A-MATE "M": to attract men. 40 applications Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

Breast Enlargement Without Surgery

Nu Breast Ultra Enhancement Cream for Women

Used once daily can increase the cup size of a womens breast to a more desirable size, shape and increase cleavage. All natural ingredients that stimulate breast glands for larger and firmer looking breasts. Now women can have the breasts they always wanted. Here are some letters from our satisfied customers.

"It is unbelievable! My breasts are fuller in just one month" -MC Michigan.
"My bust has increased one full cup size in five weeks" -AH California

NU BREAST ULTRA ENHANCEMENT CREAM FOR WOMEN:
2 oz. Jar Reg. $59.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $30.00 each

Viagra is a registered trademark of Pfizer Co.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between an 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time.

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

Science is fantastic. I always felt I needed to be bigger. You made it possible. My wife is thrilled. She is as satisfied as I am. *-GL, Florida*

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Only $60 for one bottle or 1 months supply. $120 for 3 bottles or 3 months supply. **FREE!** Order 3 bottles or more and GET 1 FREE bottle of Pro+Plus Pills. You will get results within the first month and you will reach your optimum size in 3 to 4 months.

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT: There are many imitations. If you do not see a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** then you **DO NOT** have a money back guarantee.
If you are not completely satisfied return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

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CALL TOLL FREE 1-866-765-PILL(7455)
Order on the web: www.pluspills.com

PLUS MEDICAL LABS dept. 45H1
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Credit Card orders only Toll Free 24 hours 7 days
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Phone and credit card orders specify dept. (shown above) next to address, and product(s) and quantity.

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CREDIT CARD NO. _____ EXPIRES: MONTH/YEAR

☐ 1 bottle PRO+PLUS PILLS $60.00 (1 months supply)
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☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles of PRO+PLUS PILLS
☐ SEND FREE 1 bottle Pro+Plus Pills

Extra bottles of PRO+PLUS PILLS, Add $40.00 for each bottle.

_____ BOTTLES $ _____

Please Specify Quantities:

_____	Sexciter to Excite Women	**SPECIAL OFFER!** Only $25.00 each
_____	Sexciter to Excite Men	$ _____
_____	Super "V" Pills for Men	**SPECIAL OFFER!** Only $25.00 each
_____	Super "V" Pills for Women	$ _____
_____	Ultra Perform Cream for men	**SPECIAL OFFER!** Only $30.00 each
_____	Ultra Bliss Cream for Women	
_____	Nu Breast Ultra Cream for Women	$ _____
_____	Attract-A-Mate"W" to attract women	**SPECIAL OFFER!** Only $25.00 each
_____	Attract-A-Mate"M" to attract men	$ _____

Total Purchase: $ _____
CA Residents add sales tax: $ _____
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Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
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SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years old)

NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

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18+ FROM $2.99

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AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MINUTE!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP SEX!
I LOVE IT WHEN A MAN SLIDES HIS COCK UP AND DOWN BETWEEN MY TITS AND CUMS IN MY MOUTH!
ALL LIVE!
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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
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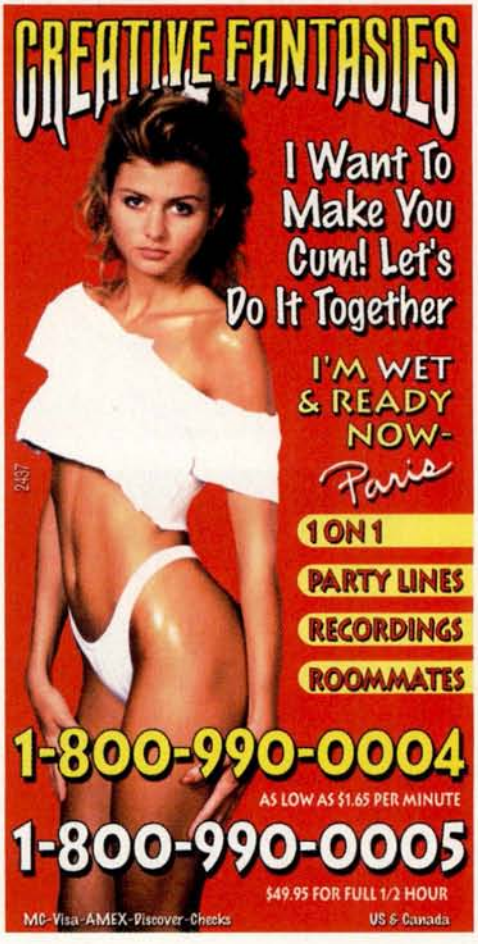

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YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT!
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Only 99¢ MIN.
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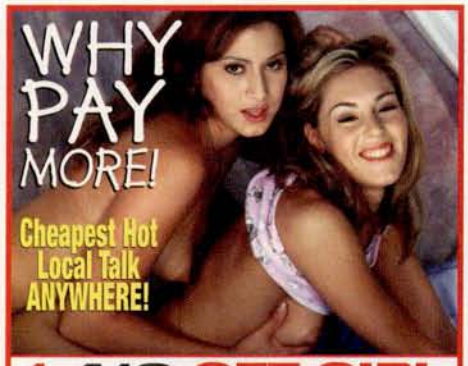

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1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED FROM $2.99 18+

TEENS READY TO FUCK
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
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ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

HOT CHEAP SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
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BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
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as low as 96¢ min
Would you please fuck me up the ass?
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All Models 18+ U4124

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(1-800-938-8487)
FUCK ME HARD & spew on my tits!

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LIVE, ENTHUSIASTIC, & UNCENSORED
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$3.99/MINUTE - 18+ - CCAC
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24HRS-7 DAYS
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You never know what can happen!
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DOCTOR DESIGNED & RECOMMENDED PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA

FREE 60 DAY SUPPLY!*

Ready to be the lover she remembers forever? Then it's time for you to become a much bigger man fast. Introducing our new triple strength **XTEND Penis Enlargement Formula** where you can add up to three full thick inches of pure manhood in 60 days or less. That's right, the world's #1 doctor recommended penis enlargement pill is now three times more powerful.

XTEND is absolutely the fastest, easiest, safest, and most economical way to increase your penis size and satisfy your lover like never before. Here's why our new XTEND is light years ahead of our competition:

1. REAL DOCTORS XTEND's proprietary botanical formula is the only leading male enlargement formula to be designed and endorsed by a world renowned, board certified urologist who has successfully treated over 30,000 patients for sexual dysfunction.

2. REAL SCIENCE XTEND is manufactured from our medical doctor's exact specifications in an FDA compliant state-of-the-art lab using only the safest, freshest, most potent herbal ingredients from across the globe.

MILLIONS SOLD AT $59.95

3. REAL RESULTS Most men experience a significant increase in the size and girth of their penis in as little as two to four weeks. In 60 days, you can be up to two to three inches bigger. No other penis enlargement pill or system works faster or is more effective than XTEND.

TRIPLE STRENGTH ACTION

- *ACCELERATED PENILE GROWTH X3*
- *ORGASMIC POTENCY*
- *100% NATURAL & SAFE: NO SIDE EFFECTS, NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED*

Only XTEND pills contain the exclusive trademarked, *Orgasmic Potency Process*. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but also that are equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms.

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use **XTEND Penis Enlargement Formula** daily for 4-6 weeks and: *You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 3 full inches; Your penis will be thicker and fuller; Your self-esteem and confidence will soar; You'll experience explosive orgasms!*

$59.95 WHEN PURCHASED ALONE

*** YOURS FREE WHEN YOU PURCHASE THE STARTER PAK!**

V R THI IG TO A E SEX ETTE..!

EVEN IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A GOOD SEX LIFE!

THE WORLD'S FIRST MALE MULTIPLE ORGASM SUPPLEMENT!

ALBERT O'CONNER, MD's

ALPHA MALE PLUS

JUST ONE CAPSULE A DAY FOR THE STRONGEST SEX DRIVE IN THE WORLD!

This specifically designed capsule contains rare extracts from the antlers of the male *Wapiti Elk (cervus elaphus)*, who is blessed with a hormonal structure that allows him to give world class multiple sex performances as little as three minutes apart – *and do this as many as 20 times a day!*

Now imagine that you might safely infuse yourself with the hormones behind this incredibly virile creature's sexual abilities. You'd find yourself filled to the brim with a raw, urgent sex drive. You'd find yourself performing like a super sex machine with unbelievable renewed stamina. You'd discover the ability to rapidly rejuvenate yourself after sex, producing yet another giant, full-blooded erection, roaring to go again – *and then again!* The fact is, you'd be having non-stop sex until she's reduced to begging for release from this endless, virtually unbearable ecstasy.

DOCTOR DISCOVERS PATIENTS' SEX RESPONSES ROCKET RIGHT OFF THE CHART!

The genius behind **ALPHA MALE PLUS** is acclaimed urologist **Albert O'Conner, M.D.**, both professor of medicine and Chief of Medical Education. He is also Chief of Urology as well as a member of his hospital's board of directors. **Dr. O'Conner** read about the effects of *Wapiti Elk Extract* and decided to run his own study using some of his sexually dysfunctional patients as subjects. There was simply no way he could have predicted the dramatic results!

A MAGIC "RED BULLET" THE AMAZING ALPHA MALE PLUS!

The chart below compares the recovery times between an average middle-aged adult male after sex (not taking **ALPHA MALE PLUS**) and an average middle-aged *Wapiti Elk*.

POTENTIAL FOR FIRST REPEAT SEXUAL PERFORMANCE

Average Middle-Aged Male	2-1/2 hours
Average Middle-Aged Wapiti Elk	3 minutes

POTENTIAL FOR THIRD REPEAT SEXUAL PERFORMANCE

Average Middle-Aged Male	6 to 15 hours
Average Middle-Aged Wapiti Elk	5 to 9 minutes

LONG-TERM RESULT: Dramatic increase in frequency and duration of sex as recovery time greatly diminishes and erections stay rock hard. Stronger desire, stamina and ability to perform with thick, full, long-lasting erections means more satisfying and intense intimate pleasure for both partners again and again.

EXCLUSIVE TWO-FOR-ONE OFFER & FREE BONUS!

Need another reason to try ALPHA MALE PLUS? ***How about 50% OFF our regular price!*** It normally retails at $59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now ***we'll include a second month's supply ABSOLUTELY FREE!***

FREE $12.95 BONUS!

FREE BONUS LUBRICANT!

With each order of ALPHA MALE PLUS you'll receive a ***FREE*** bottle of MOIST PERSONAL LUBRICANT because you'll surely need it! It's something completely new in sexual pleasure... a sex lubricant that won't dry out, won't become sticky or gummy just when you need it most! MOIST can make ordinary sex extraordinary by enhancing every tiny nuance of sensation.

REGULARLY $12.95

UNIVERSITY STUDY PROVES PHEROMONE ADDITIVE ATTRACTS OPPOSITE SEX!

LURE GORGEOUS GIRLS INTO YOUR ARMS!

The Most Powerful Pheromone Concentrate At The Lowest Price Ever!

Attractant 1000+

NATURE'S ONLY APHRODISIAC

Pheromones are odorless chemicals naturally secreted by the body that increases sexual attractiveness through the sense of smell. Scientists believe the greater the pheromone secretion, the greater the sexual attraction. The problem: most people wash away most of their natural pheromones when they bathe. *The solution:* ATTRACTANT 1000+, a powerful synthetic unscented pheromone concentrate scientifically designed to attract the opposite sex. *But does it really work?*

The scientific evidence is now conclusive: adding synthetic human pheromones to your cologne or even worn by itself has been proven to dramatically increase sex appeal and attract more lovers effortlessly. As reported in the September 2002 issue of **Prevention** magazine, a recent study at San Francisco State University proved that after only two months a remarkable 74% of those using a synthetic pheromone laced scent reported: *a significant increase in dates, kissing, heavy petting, physical affection, and, yes, more sex.*

BECOME A POWERFUL SEX MAGNET

Conduct your own intimate, scientific study on the sex power of pheromones: order new, extra strength ATTRACTANT 1000+ Gold Label today. Remember, the most beautiful and desirable women, **including your wife or girlfriend**, are powerless to resist the seductive lure.

STUDY PROVES PHEROMONE USERS GET:

- *MORE DATES*
- *MORE AFFECTION*
- *MORE KISSING*
- *MORE SEX*

LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT

Available at last – the sex pill men have dreamed about for years – **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT!** Imagine having a woman who actually pesters you for more and more sex! Imagine a woman who never stops thinking about sexual pleasure and all the ways she can get it from you! **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT** will put her libido on overdrive and you'll have a sex life that most men never experience in their entire lifetime. No more "headaches", no more closed bedroom doors with you on the wrong side. Your touch alone will propel her to a need that must be satisfied. *Be certain you can meet and satisfy her urgent desires!*

30 TABLETS $19.95 or **90 TABLETS $39.95** *(SAVE $19.90)*

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME: 1-866-888-5564

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. These products are not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

mail to: ***JENCO INTERNATIONAL*** Department HU-504 Post Office Box 10265 Van Nuys California 91410-0265

I enclose $_____ ☐Check ☐Money Order for the following:

- ☐60 doses **ALPHA MALE PLUS** w/**MOIST** (2 mo. supply) *REGULARLY $119.90*.....**$59.95**
- ☐120 doses **ALPHA MALE PLUS** w/**MOIST** (4 mo. supply) *REGULARLY $239.80*.....**$79.95**
- ☐**ATTRACTANT 1000+ GOLD** *REGULARLY $49.95*.....**$39.95**
- ☐30 tablets **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT**.....**$19.95**
- ☐90 tablets **LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT** *SAVE $19.90*.....**$39.95**
- ☐**XTEND** (60 day supply) *WHEN PURCHASED ALONE*.....**$59.95**

SAVE $182.70 with THE STARTER PAK!

☐You get **ALPHA MALE PLUS** (2 mos.) w/**MOIST**, **ATTRACTANT 1000+**, **LAVA** (30 days) plus ***FREE*** **XTEND** (60 days) – *a $262.70 value* ***all for only*** **$79.95**

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ADD $4.00 for RUSH SERVICE	$_____
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TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED	$_____

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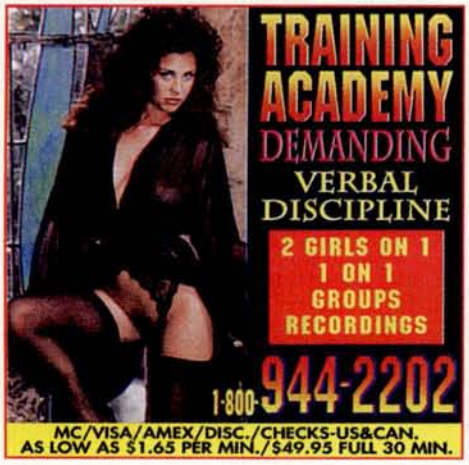

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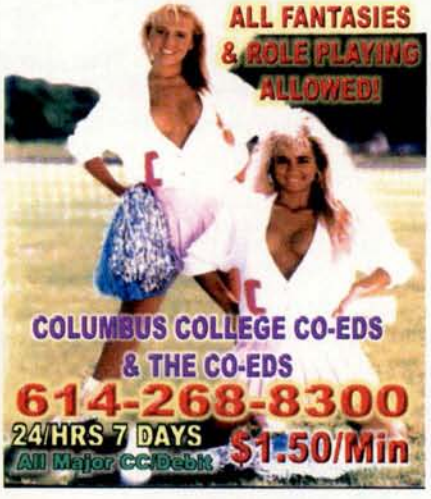

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SHOOT YOUR BIG WAD OF CUM RIGHT INTO MY MOUTH!
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NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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YOU CAN THEN SHOOT YOUR HOT, STICKY JIZZ DOWN MY THROAT AFTERWARDS!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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Call Me!!
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HOT & KINKY ACTION!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
YOU WILL LEARN OBEDIENCE! NOW BEND OVER, SPREAD YOUR ASS AND SHUT UP!
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Secretly listen in on LIVE, uncensored phone sex calls!
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LIVE ONE ON ONE
89¢ PER MIN
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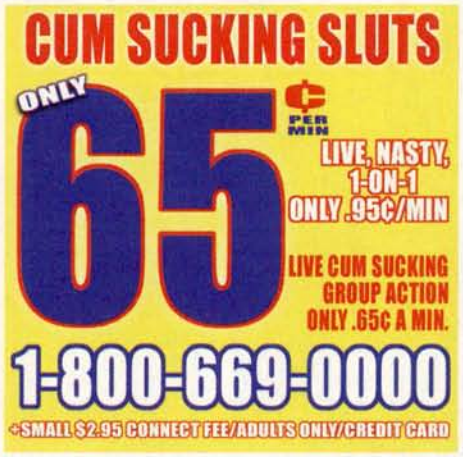
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
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+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
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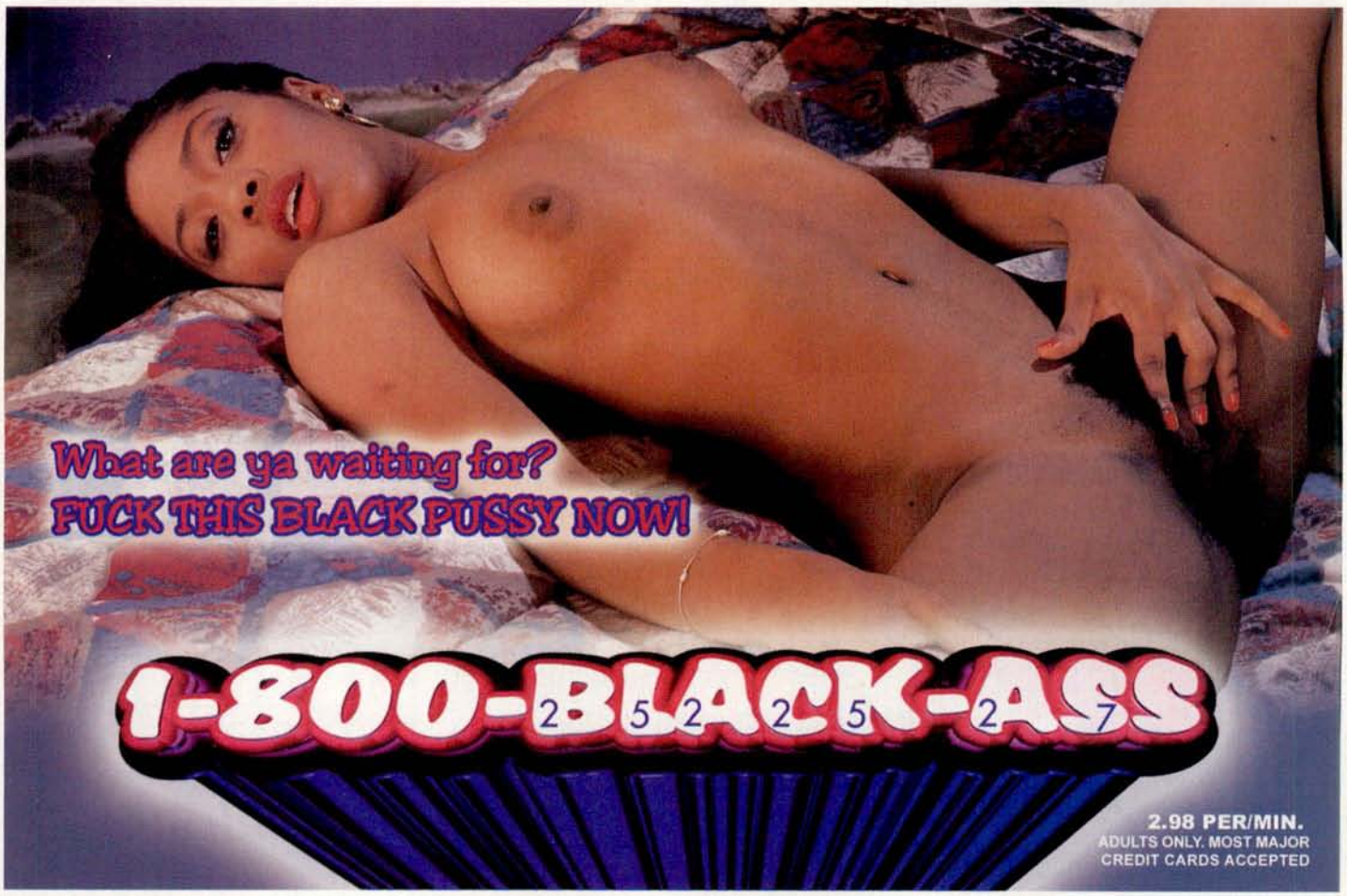
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FUCK THIS BLACK PUSSY NOW!
1-800-BLACK-ASS
2.98 PER/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

I want to suck your cock all night long! Call me!
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No Credit Card Needed.
As low as $2.50/min.
I swallow too!!
1-800-705-CUMM
MC/VISA/AMEX accepted. Must be 18+. 2866

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NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
I'M A CHICK... WITH A DICK!!!
HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
1-800-718 MEAT
6328
HARDCORE SHE-MALE ACTION!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

MY TIGHT TWAT IS WAITING FOR YOUR BIG COCK!
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Shoot your load down my throat! Call Now!!
1-900-993-3016
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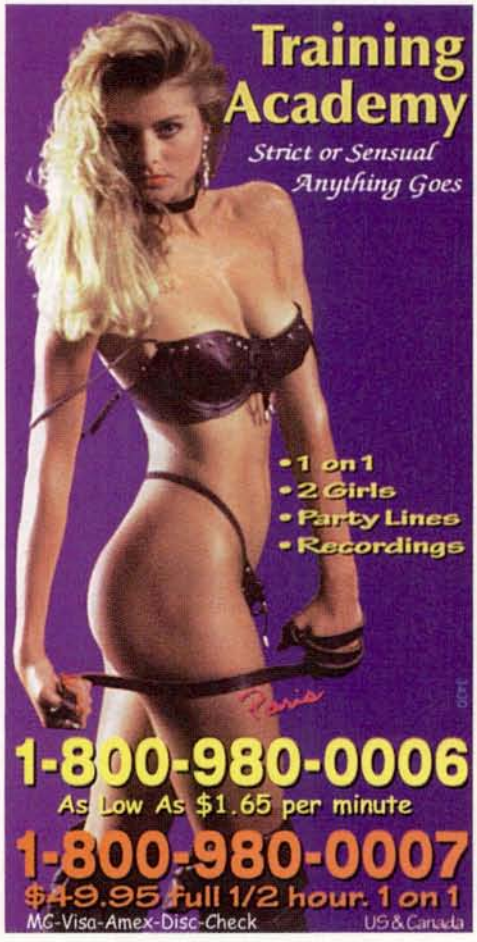
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MC-Visa-Amex-Disc-Check
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MC/VISA/AMEX
PREGNANT, & HORNY, THIS GIRL IS BEGGING FOR YOUR COCK!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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1-900-993-5899
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MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
1-800-588-2569 BLOW
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Michael Allen

Futuristic Four-Eyes

The next time your wife complains that you spend too much time watching sports, agree with her, pop on a pair of Eyetop video sunglasses and secretly enjoy the ball game. With these high-tech shades, you can watch a video image on a 16-bit color LCD screen, which is embedded in the left or right temple of the glasses, depending on which of your eyes is dominant. The Eyetop attaches to a belt-worn control unit that can connect to a wireless TV tuner, portable DVD player, digital camera, camcorder, laptop computer or virtually any device with a video output. Eyetop is available at specialty electronics stores and **www.Eyetop.net**.

Entertainment Orgy

If you're ever stranded on a desert island like Tom Hanks in the film *Castaway* (or, God forbid, *with* Tom Hanks), Sharper Image's Personal Entertainment Center will allow you to fend off boredom without developing an intimate relationship with a volleyball. This portable marvel includes a DVD player, TV/cable tuner, CD/MP3 player, AM/FM digital tuner, an alarm clock, a seven-inch LCD screen and 20 prerecorded soothing sounds such as the ocean, rainfall, Yosemite waterfalls, a crackling fireplace and city sounds (great for homesick New Yorkers). This cool system is available at Sharper Image stores, **www.SharperImage.com** or by calling **(800) 344-4444**.

Downloading for Dummies

Folks who download music (legally of course, *cough, cough*) will love the latest MP3 player from Creative. The Nomad MuVo2 can hold up to 850 songs or 50 hours of music with its 1.5 GB hard drive. This mighty mite plugs directly into your PC's USB port; so all you have to do is drag and drop songs directly from your computer into the player. Once your "sharing" is complete, you can scroll through the Nomad's menu and pick the songs you want to play. Just don't tell those Nazis at the RIAA. You can find the Nomad MuVo2 at **www.Creative.com**.

The Ultimate Sidekick

When it comes to sidekicks, Batman has Robin, the Lone Ranger has Tonto and Michael Jackson has 12-year-olds. For the rest of us there's the T-Mobile Sidekick. With this handy little gadget, you can surf the Web, send and receive e-mail, play games, take and e-mail mobile snapshots, and chat with chicks using AOL's Instant Messenger. Say hello to your new little friend at any T-Mobile Store, **www.T-Mobile.com** or by calling **(800) T-Mobile**.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

JERKING FOR A LIVING

Memoir of a Collegiate Sperm Donor

Report from San Diego State University by Cruz Medina

The headline NEED EXTRA CASH? caught my eye in an issue of the *San Diego State University Daily Aztec* newspaper. The rest of the ad read:

"Are you healthy, between the ages of 20 and 35, physically fit and 5-9 or taller? Sperm Donors Needed. Call Today."

My discovery of the ad was fortuitous. After two months of living on my buddy Peter's couch, I found an apartment, which costs $625 a month. The first month was free, but my job as a host in a local restaurant doesn't provide me with much more than rent, Top Ramen noodles and added credit-card debt.

I called the number on the ad and got a recording: "You must be pursuing or have achieved a degree from a university. You cannot be adopted and must have abstained from ejaculation for three to five days."

I decide to make an appointment for later in the week to allow my resources to renew themselves.

"When would you like to come in for an interview?" the sperm-bank rep asks. Instead of telling him that I masturbated twice the day before, I say I'm busy until Friday afternoon. This also works well for my friend Peter, who likewise wants to blow his manchowder for money. Peter says he can cut out early at his telemarketing job because Friday afternoons are the worst time to make sales.

Thursday night, after a couple of beers, I begin to wonder if I can really go through with the donation. What would future girlfriends think? Will jerking off into a cup cause a rift in my world so large that I'll never outlive it?

I wake up Friday morning with a mild hangover. Peter calls and tells me, "I'll be by your place in a couple of minutes."

Walking up to the donation center, we open the door that reads FERTILITY CLINIC. Peter and I fill out a page worth of questions. Nervous, I make mistakes on things like eye color, giving myself black eyes instead of brown.

Once we finish, the curt woman behind the counter leads me to a room. It looks like a bathroom with a bench. Across from the bench is a VCR/television combination. The woman says in monotone, "Read this list, write your name on the cup, and set it in the lab across the hall when you are finished. And don't forget to lock the door."

I drop my pants and rummage through the magazines. The pages are dog-eared and bent from the countless donors before me. I shove in a video labeled FERTILITY CLINIC DIRTY VIDEO #1. A 1970s-looking, *Magnum, P.I.*-mustache-sporting man rides a woman missionary style. I hit eject and switch to another video. Two women go at it, and I still find myself looking around the room for alternate inspiration. A poster on the wall shows a naked woman on the beach, covered in sand. A small statue of a cowboy stands in the corner, and I imagine myself doing the manly thing, providing seed for those less fortunate. My altruistic thoughts allow me to achieve orgasm.

I write my name on the small cup and set it on the lab counter. Peter is led into the same room. Through the thin wall of the waiting room, I hear the faucet turn on and off. *Is Peter watering down his spunk?* I wonder. Minutes later, my co-jerker walks into the waiting room, smiling ear to ear. "Man, is that all you got?" he asks. "I picked up your sample, and mine was so much heavier."

The woman at the counter rolls her eyes and tells us to call on Monday to see if we've been accepted. In the parking lot, Peter boasts, "On the way here, I was totally nervous, but now that I'm done, I feel like a champ."

On Monday morning, Peter calls me and says, "Dude, they don't want my jizz. They said that they look for donors with above-average sperm counts. I guess that means I don't have to worry about getting no bitches pregnant."

After hearing of Peter's rejection, I await similar results. Instead, when I call, the woman asks, "When can you come in for a second sample?" Apparently, the first glob of mini-me could have been a fluke; so a second sample is required to ensure consistency.

The next time I go in, the woman has a friendly tone when she leads me to produce another sample. I finish and confidently place my sample on the counter in the lab.

I'm still waiting to hear back about my money shots. Rent is due next week. Then there's the $1,500 on the credit card and another $1,300 I owe my mom for tuition. Until my hands can be put to more lucrative use, I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

* * *

Cruz Medina is a graduate student at San Diego State University. He earned his BA from UC Santa Barbara. Currently, he is hard at work on a novel.

CRISTI

A 27-year-old freshman from San Antonio, Cristi is a broadcast journalism major at **San Antonio College**. Her 2.5 GPA surely reflects her dedication to extracurricular activities such as reading, learning to play poker and having lots of sex with as many women as possible. Cristi's goal is to "become a sports reporter for football and basketball." Her carnal ambition is to "have sex with my boyfriend and another girl, or fucking while other people watch, as well as having all the men jack off to my HUSTLER layout."

—Photo by Boyfriend

BRIDGET

Bridget, 27, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is a graduate student majoring in animal science at **Rutgers University** in New Jersey, where she maintains a stellar 4.0 GPA. When she's not immersed in her schoolwork, the blond beauty can be found horseback riding, baking or swing dancing. Bridget reveals that her most memorable sexual interlude in college has been "making love in the hayloft of the team barn with my professor."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls*. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Major **College** **Year** **GPA**

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

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TOUGH CHOICE

Whom would you let your ten-year-old son spend the night with? Some surgically altered, kickass blonde who would rock his world for all time, or a surgically altered, washed-up, freakazoid pop star you could sue for 50 million dollars?

Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Metal Arms

VU Games (GameCube/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Unlike the vast majority of "new" games in the marketplace, ***Metal Arms*** isn't a sequel or a remake—it's just a wholly original take on the run-and-gun action game. The mayhem here takes place in an all-robot world. Players control Glitch, a plucky little bag of bolts who's fated to free his kind from the tyranny of a fascist war droid named General Corrosive. Glitch does so by gleefully tearing through armies of enemy robots with rockets, grenades and other deadly projectiles. R2-D2 is a total pussy next to this robo-dude.

Grand Theft Auto Double Pack

Rockstar (Xbox)

In the past two years, ***Grand Theft Auto III*** and ***Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*** have stirred up shitloads of controversy, and generated tons of cash (think hand over fist). A recent repackaging of the games for the PlayStation 2 gave sleepers a chance to wake up and smell the carnage, but lucky Xbox owners score both games with substantial graphic enhancements.

NCAA Final Four 2004

Sony Computer Entertainment America (PlayStation 2)

B-ballers looking to rekindle their March Madness will find plenty of fuel in ***NCAA Final Four 2004***. Authenticity is the name of the game in this intricate basketball simulation. Hard-core players can sink their teeth into the game's Dynasty Mode, which takes teams through several seasons as they recruit freshmen players and make their way to the national championships. ***NCAA Final Four 2004*** is so addictive that sports fans may well forget to tune in to the real games.

Manhunt

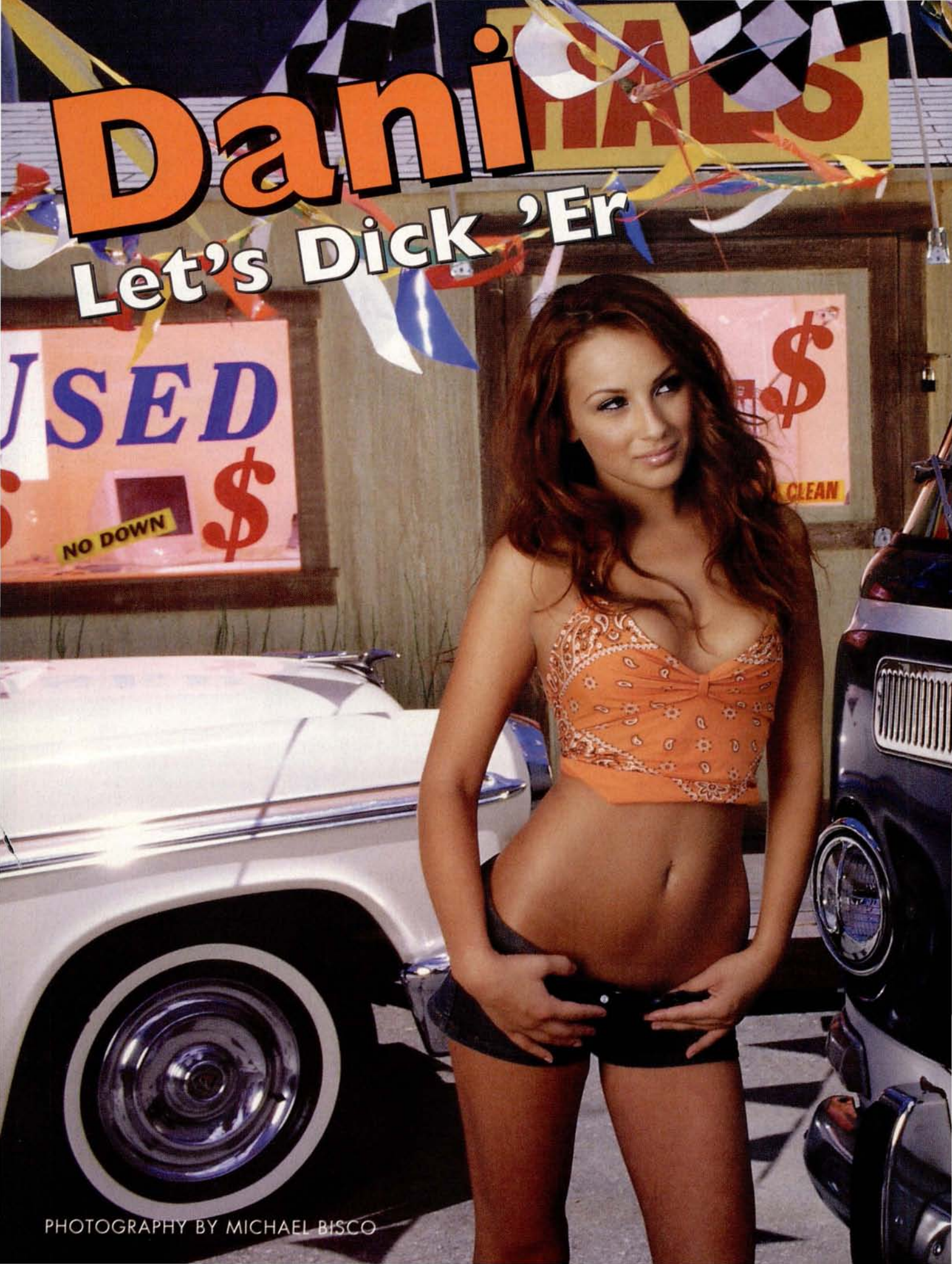
Rockstar (PlayStation 2)

Only the madmen who made ***Grand Theft Auto*** could cook up a game this depraved. James Earl Cash is a death-row prisoner who wakes up the day after his scheduled execution to find he's gotten a reprieve. His life has been spared, but there's a catch: He's being hunted by roving gangs of thugs. Cash's only way out is to move through the shadows, silently taking out every one of his pursuers while hidden cameras capture the snuff footage.

Pac-Man vs.

Namco (GameBoy Advance/ GameCube)

One player plays Pac-Man; the other three chase the chomper as ghosts. Whoever controls Pac-Man can see the entire map as viewed on a handheld GameBoy Advance, while the ghosts see only small portions of the scene on the television screen. This is one of the simplest yet most ingenious party games to hit consoles in years. Here's the best part: It's free with the purchase of ***Pac-Man World 2***, ***R: Racing Evolution*** and ***I-Ninja***.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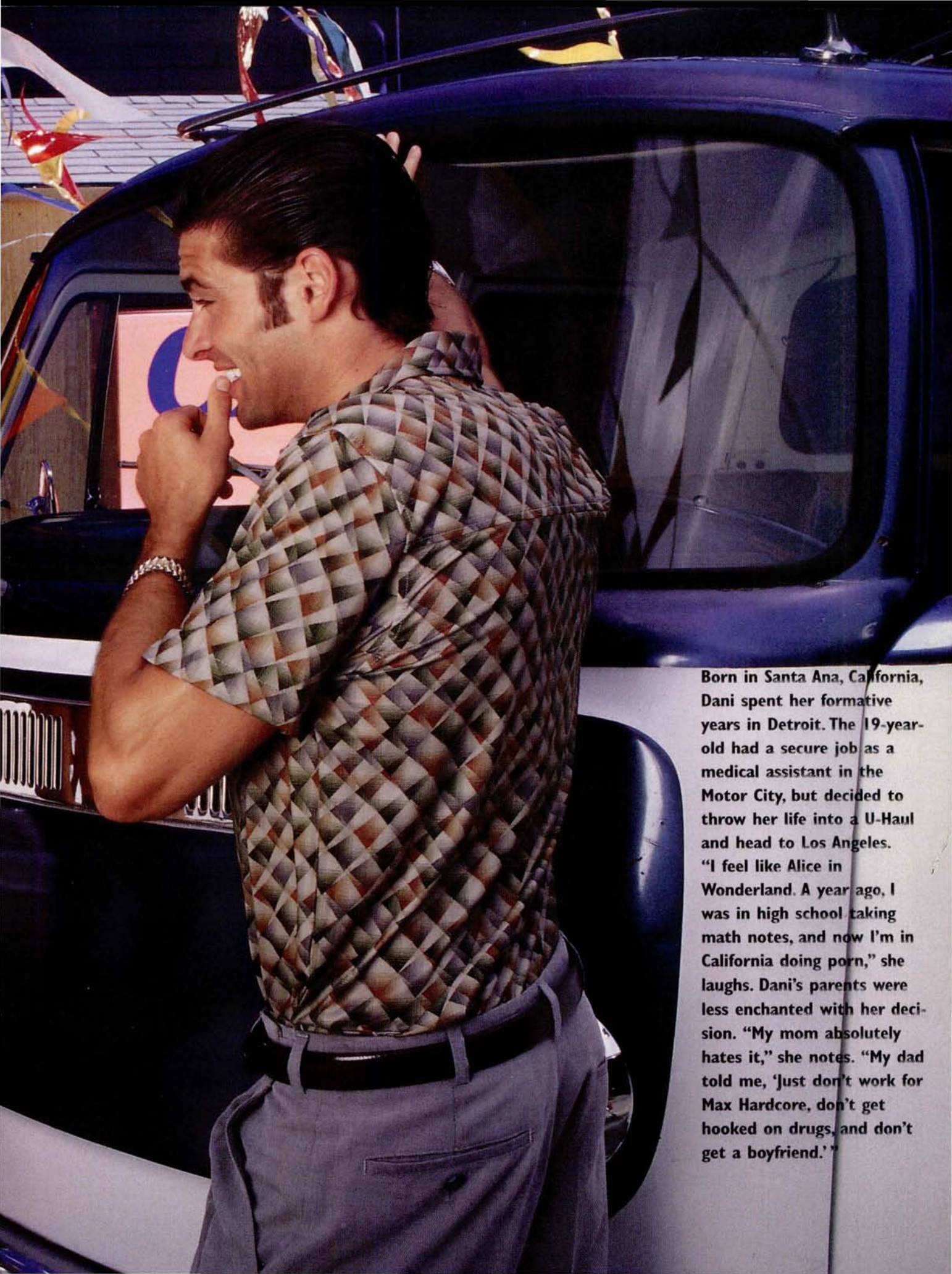

Born in Santa Ana, California, Dani spent her formative years in Detroit. The 19-year-old had a secure job as a medical assistant in the Motor City, but decided to throw her life into a U-Haul and head to Los Angeles. "I feel like Alice in Wonderland. A year ago, I was in high school taking math notes, and now I'm in California doing porn," she laughs. Dani's parents were less enchanted with her decision. "My mom absolutely hates it," she notes. "My dad told me, 'Just don't work for Max Hardcore, don't get hooked on drugs, and don't get a boyfriend.'"

That's not likely to happen as, Dani says, "I tend to date girls." When asked if she thought Michael Jackson was guilty of recent child molestation allegations, the racy redhead says, "I have no idea! I feel so bad for that man! I think his life has been a tragedy. It was so horrid the way he was raised!" By contrast, we have no complaints with the way Dani raises us.

Dani drops her drawers in BARELY LEGAL #40 and HUSTLER'S YOUNG SLUTS, INC. #14 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.ShopHUSTLER.com to order.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

BAKER'S DOOZY

Former Secretary of State James Baker III is the senior partner of the Baker Botts law firm, which is defending the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia—home to 15 of the 19 September 11 hijackers—from lawsuits filed by the families of 9/11 victims. Recently, Baker was "chosen" by the Iraqi Governing Council—on the White House's "recommendation"—to restructure Iraq's sizable debt. Baker's client, Saudi Arabia, now stands to net more than $30 billion from Iraq in return for secretly funding Saddam. Award-winning investigative journalist Greg Palast follows the money and uncovers disturbing political connections in a special report.

ARAB COMEDIANS

"I joke around at ticket counters to break the tension," comedian Ahmed Ahmed quips. "When asked where I'm flying, I reply, 'I have a one-way ticket to paradise, my friend.'" Arab and Muslim yuksters are finding themselves on the front lines of comedy clubs across the country, using humor to tackle their experience post-9/11. Laugh in the face of cultural misperceptions with six Middle Eastern merrymakers. Profiles by Ed Rampell.

THAI SCORE

We sent a female reporter to Thailand to run amok in the ultimate sex-tourist destination—a Shangri-la of live sex shows and $20 hookers who treat you like royalty. Pick up tips for your next visit to the Land of Vertical Smiles in a report from Carolyn Sinclair.

CENSOR-SHIT

On March 26, 2003, Lewisburg, West Virginia, couple Michael and Sharon Corbett were arrested by feds on obscenity charges in connection with their Web site, GirlsPooping.com. The Corbetts are now facing jail time for depicting common bodily functions. Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz follows the case. Also, scatological sculptures by Japanese artist Shunpei Toki are raising a stink in his country, where the very idea of women taking a dump is taboo. Artist profile by Jen Matlack.

SPANTANEEUS XTASTY

Black porn star Spantaneeus Xtasty returns to XXX, with her eyes on a mainstream music career. Go in-depth with the 43FFF hottie about her earliest performances, her one-time gang-bang record, and her future in smut and song. Interview by Tom Farrell. Photos by Ladi von Jansky.

Carmen Luvana

The June HUSTLER is on sale March 30, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER's Web site at www.hustler.com.

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